

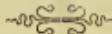
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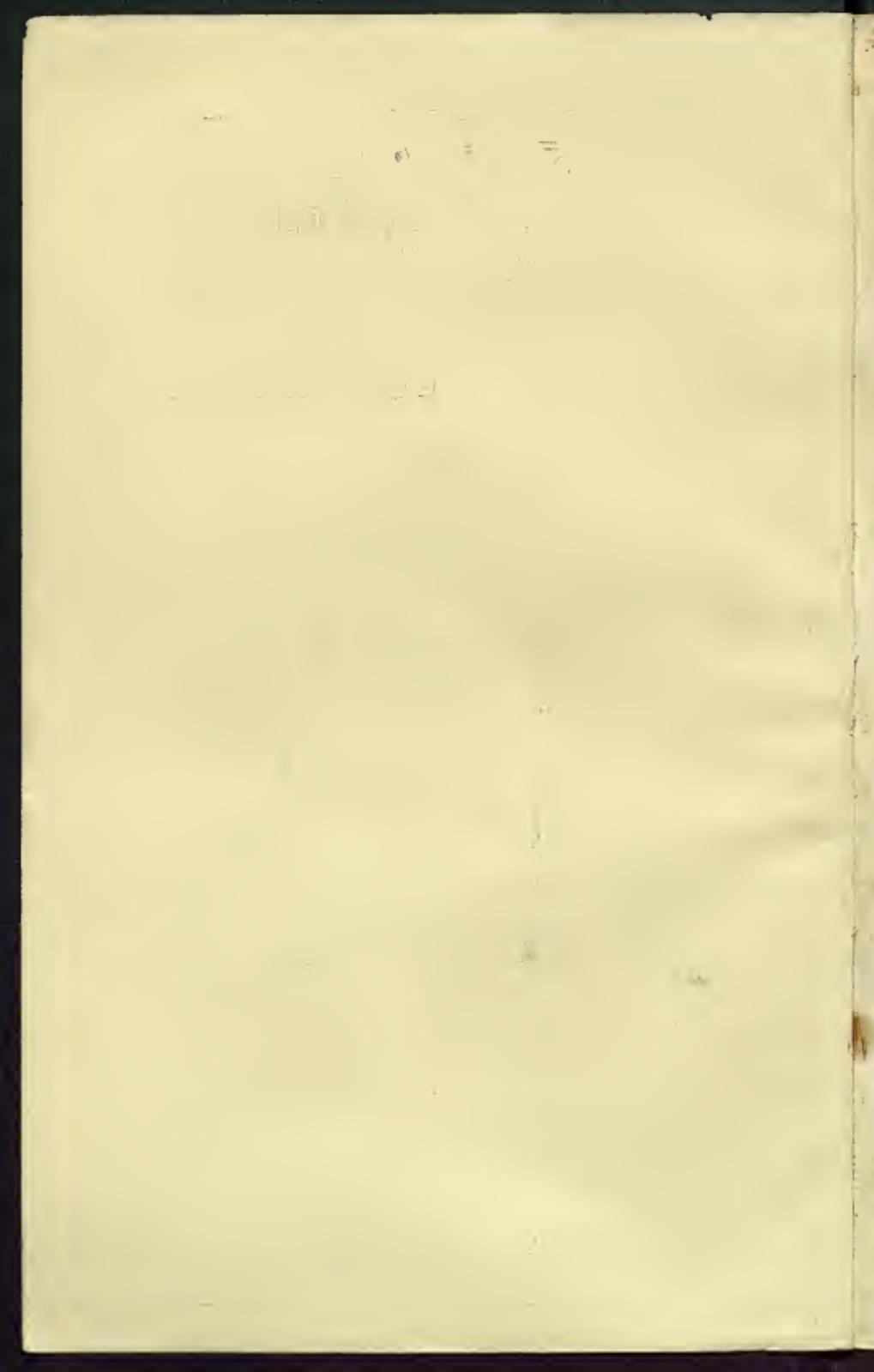
VOL XII.



NO. 34.



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The . . .

**Hartley University
College
. Magazine ..**



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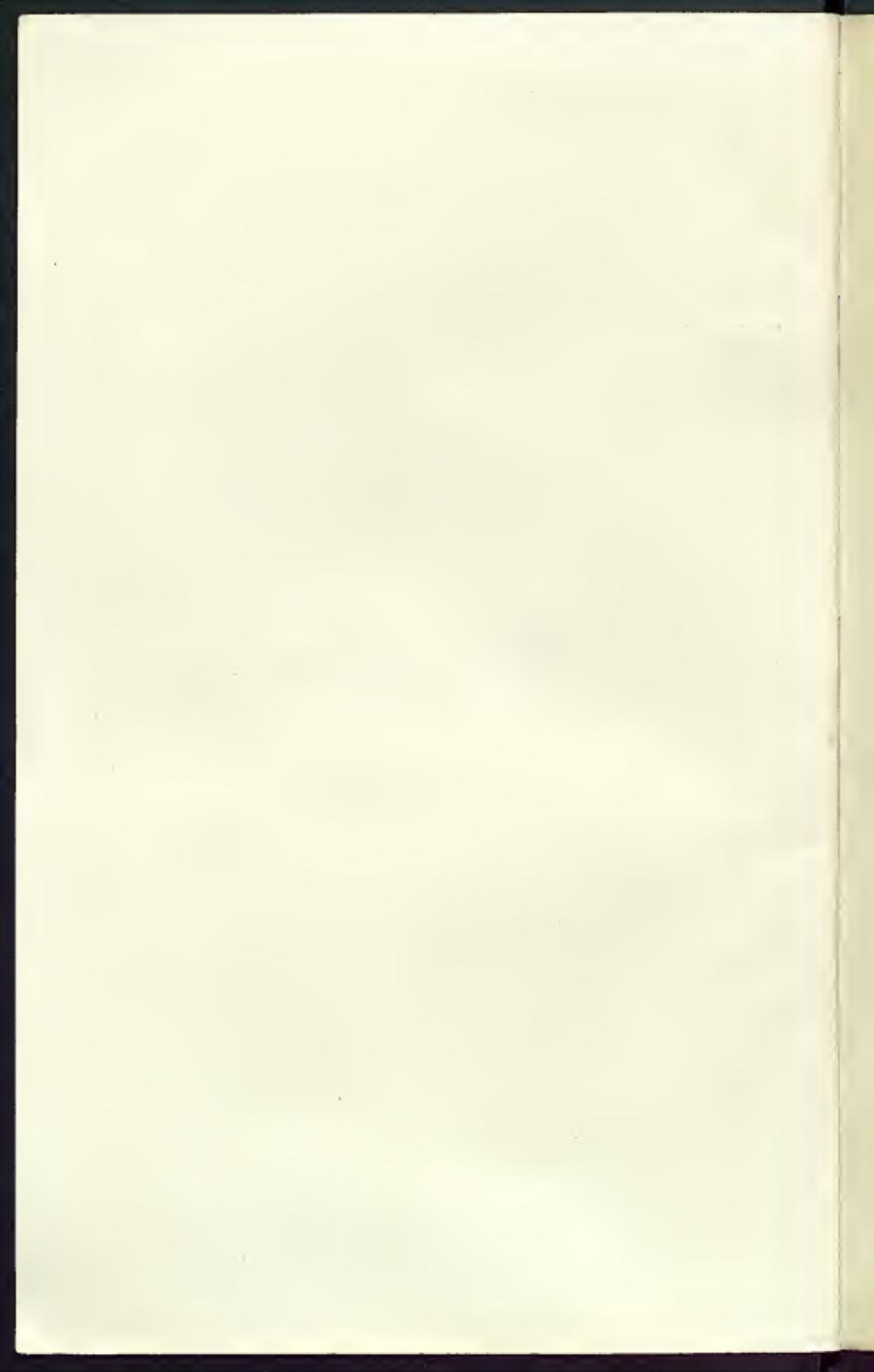
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THE
Hartley University College Magazine.

- - Editorial Notes. - -

The Editor discourses upon Men and Things.

" Devise, wit ; write pen ; for I am for whole volumes in folio."—
Shakespeare : "Love's Labours Lost."

It is with no small trepidation that we submit this issue of our Magazine to the critical examination of our readers. We are prepared this term, more than usual, for adverse criticism on their part, and so we intend to anticipate this hostile criticism as far as possible. We are well aware that every issue of our Magazine becomes at once, as Milton says,

" The cynosure of neighbouring eyes."

Unfortunately, however, every reader is not content to look,
" Where perhaps some beauty lies,"

but some are eagerly on the look out for any defects they can discover, and of the existence of such we are well aware. We wish therefore to remind our readers—and especially those who complained of the errors of printing in last term's Magazine—that such mistakes will happen in spite of us, and that

" Though an angel should write, still 'tis devils must print."—
Moore . "The Fudges in England."

Moreover these miss-prints are especially likely to occur when the printing of the Magazine has to be hurried, owing to the unfortunate habit our contributors have of delaying to send in their MSS. till the last minute. We would take this opportunity, therefore, of urgently requesting our would-be contributors to next term's Magazine, to forward their effusions as

early in the term as possible, so as to enable the sub-editor to devote to proof correcting the requisite amount of time which, under the present system of procrastination, is not available.

"I am but a gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—
Sir Henry Wotton : "Preface to Elements of Architecture."

We have also to apologise this term both for the quantity and quality of the contents of this Magazine, which made it impossible for us to maintain the size and standard of last term's issue—which, by the way, was easily the largest ever published at this College. We are not, however, prepared to accept the blame for this, inasmuch as the fault lies with the general nonchalance of the majority of our readers, who are too content to leave the burden of writing upon the shoulders of a few hard-worked individuals. Hence, our second request is that some of our readers, as yet unknown to fame, should endeavour to do their part towards providing material for the disposal of the editors, so that our next Magazine may revert to, and perhaps surpass, the standard of the 'Xmas number.'

"Look, then, into thine heart and write."

is an injunction of Tennyson's which we leave with each of our readers.

—o—

"Quicquid agunt homines nostri farrago libelli."—*Juvenal.*
(The doings of men are the subject of our writing.)

We have a very pleasant duty before us this term of congratulating Professor Studer upon the latest distinction which has been conferred upon him by the University of London. In recognition, partly of the merits of the recent edition of the Southampton "Oak Book," and partly of our worthy Professor's general claims to distinction, the London University have just honoured him with the distinguished degree of Doctor of Literature, and we are sure, no one is more suited to possess such a qualification than our popular Professor of Modern Languages. We are confident therefore, that we are only voicing the wishes of all our readers in tendering to Dr. Studer our most sincere congratulations on his latest achievement, and at the same time in congratulating ourselves on being able to rank so worthy a linguist among the Professors of our College. We have thought this a good opportunity, therefore, of giving our readers a specimen of Dr. Studer's work in his edition of the Oak Book, and with his kind permission we have printed as our leading article, an extract from his introduction to the third volume of the Oak Book. We are sure that this will be interesting, even to the scientific section of the College, if only because of its connection with Dr. Studer.

Our next task is of much less pleasant nature. We regret that our popular editor, Mr. Mackie, has been unavoidably absent from College during a large part of this term, owing to a severe illness. We are pleased to be able to state, however, that we believe that before copies of this Magazine are in circulation, Mr. Mackie will be back again at College, completely recovered, we hope, from his illness. He desires to take this opportunity, too, of sincerely thanking the students for their kind letter of sympathy to him in his recent illness.



"*Nascentes morimur, finisque ab origine pendet.*"—*Lucretius.*
(We begin to die as soon as we are born, and the end is linked to the beginning).

Finally, it is with the deepest regret that we announce, to all our readers who are as yet unacquainted with the sad news, the death of Mr. Richard Bennetto, late Secretary of the College Choral Society and Male Voice Party, and a student of this College during the sessions 1909-1911.

In Affectionate Remembrance
of
Richard Michell Bennetto
Who died 21st February, 1912,
AGED 20 YEARS.

R. I. P.

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the northwind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh! Death."
Mrs. Hemans: "The Hour of Death."

SUB. ED.

THE FRENCH LANGUAGE IN ENGLAND.
* * *

The following pages are extracted from the Introduction of Prof. Studer, M.A., D.Litt., to an Essay on the Anglo-French Dialect of Southampton in the beginning of the fourteenth century. This Essay has recently been printed in the Supplement Volume to Prof. Studer's *Oak Book of Southampton* (published by the Southampton Record Society).

I.—IMPORTANCE OF ANGLO-FRENCH (OR ANGLO-NORMAN) LITERATURE.

Historians have taught us that the Norman Conquest was fraught with the gravest political issues, but we often overlook or minimise its enormous influence on the English language of to-day. We are even tempted to consider the final triumph of the English tongue as an ample compensation for the defeat of Senlac, forgetting how completely that tongue had altered meanwhile in syntax and vocabulary. Nay, the change has been so great that to the uninitiated the English of the eleventh century is harder to understand than the French of the same period. However gratifying it may be to our national pride that a considerable number of words of the Saxon stock have escaped from the general wreckage, one must not lose sight of the fact that French has given us more words still, and that at one period—in the first half of the fourteenth century—it seemed on the point of becoming the common language of all England.

Ever since the Conquest, French had gained ground in England. A constant stream of Norman and French settlers, nobles, merchants, ecclesiastics, and adventurers of all kinds followed in the wake of the Conqueror. It is true that they did not equal the Saxons in numbers, but they far surpassed them in energy, both physical and intellectual. Moreover, their speech had acquired a polish and directness which a taste for literary culture had greatly enhanced; whilst the English of the day showed inherent signs of flexional decay, and the recent influx of Scandinavian and Danish elements had further contributed to accelerate the process of disintegration already at work in the language. Year by year fresh bands of Frenchmen crossed the Channel to seek their fortune in the new land of promise. They arrived in these Islands with fresh memories of the homeland, and with a speech

uncontaminated by Saxon influence. They infused new life into the French tongue, which already was firmly rooted in English soil, and helped to spread its influence ever further a-field.

The relations between the two countries were very intimate. Many of the new feudal lords of England held fiefs on both sides of the sea, and were constantly brought into contact with French-speaking populations. The Normans who settled in England retained their love for literature; the poets among them continued to sing of the heroes of France. M. Gautier, the editor of the *Chanson de Roland*, even goes so far as to assert that this finest example of Old French epics was composed in England by a Norman troubère, who accompanied the Conqueror in 1066, or followed him to England shortly afterwards.¹ If such an assertion cannot be satisfactorily substantiated, we know at all events that the poem was popular in England and copied more than once by native scribes.

As early as the reign of Henry I, *Philip de Thaun*, an Anglo-Norman poet of the highest order, practised his art at the king's court, and apparently received much encouragement from Queen Adelaide. In the opening lines of his "Bestiary" he tells us that he has translated his poem from a Latin author (*un livre de gramaire*):

"Pur l'onur d'une gême
Ki mult est bele femme
E est curteise e sage
De bones murs e large :
Aaliz est numee,
Reine est corunee,
Reine est d'Engletere."²

Another poet, named *Benedeit*, dedicated to the same queen an account of the marvellous adventures of "Abbot Brandan," an Irish saint of the sixth century.

Many French poets found admirers and patrons in England, especially after the accession of Henry II had put an end to the troublous years of the reign of Stephen, and Queen Eleanor, reviving the noble traditions of "belle Aaliz," had begun to bestow her bounties on the exponents of poetry, and to attract to her court a brilliant galaxy of troubères and chroniclers, both native and foreign. At her request, *Wace* wrote his *Geste des Bretuns*, whilst in a later work, generally known as the

¹ Cf. Gautier, *Chanson de Roland*, p. xlix. It must, however, be admitted that at the present time most critics believe with Gaston Paris that the poem first saw the light in Brittany (cf. Suchier, *Franz. Lit.-Geschichte*, p. 31; Brandin, *The Song of Roland*, p. xiii.)

² Cf. ed. Walberg, ll. 8-11.

Roman de Rou, he sang in Alexandrines the fame of the Norman race and its triumph over the Saxons. *Benoit de Sainte-Maure*, who soon outrivalled Wace and supplanted him in the King's favour, dedicated his famous *Roman de Troie* to Queen Eleaor. In another work, his *Chronicle*, he continued the task undertaken by his rival, and brought the history of the Normans to the close of the reign of Henry I.

It is true that Wace and Benoit spent most of their time on the continent. But throughout England a host of poets and chroniclers had settled and continued to practise their art with no mean skill. In Lincolnshire, *Samson de Nantuil* had already written in short couplets a Commentary on the Proverbs of Solomon when *Geoffrey Gaimar* began his famous French Chronicle. A little later, *Marie de France*, the earliest French poetess of whom any record has come down to us, wrote somewhere in England—probably in the Abbey of Shaftesbury,¹ not far from Salisbury—those beautiful lays which rank among the finest products of mediæval poetry, and completed with equal mastery a collection of Fables which enjoyed a celebrity surpassed by few works of the time.² Her contemporary, *Hugh de Rotelande* (i.e., Rudland in Yorkshire), who lived not far from Hereford, composed two romances conspicuous by their length and wealth of information.

Thomas, a poet of no mean ability, was another contemporary of Marie de France. He gave for the first time a complete account in French of the pathetic story of Tristrain and Iseult. It is unfortunate that the work has come down to us only in a fragmentary condition. But if we are unable to do full justice to the literary attainments of Thomas, we cannot refuse him the honour of having launched in the ocean of song a theme which has travelled far and wide, and which even to-day has lost nothing of its refreshing beauty.

If the fame of Thomas was soon eclipsed by that of *Chrystien de Troyes*, a continental poet who told once more in verse the story of Tristram, and sang the deeds of Arthur's knights, there were not wanting men in England to take up the theme again. *Luce du Gast*, who was settled in the neighbourhood of Salisbury delighted his readers with a prose version of the romance of Sir Tristram. *Walter Map*,³ the witty and versatile Herefordshire clerk, told the tale of Lancelot.

¹ Mr. J. C. Fox has recently shown that Marie de France was Abbess of Shaftesbury (*cf. Engl. Historical Review*, Vol. XXV, pp. 303-306).

² These Fables have been preserved in no less than twenty-three MSS. (*cf. ed. Warnke*, p. iii).

³ Map's fame as a writer is now based on his Latin works only, his French writings being unfortunately lost.

Another theme more fruitful still, because it appealed to the religious zeal and satisfied the deeper aspirations of Normans and Saxons alike, was brought to light by a Hertfordshire knight, *Robert de Borron* by name. He told in rhyming couplets the story of the Holy Grail, the wondrous cup which Christ had used at the first holy supper, and in which his blood was stored, after his death, by Joseph of Arimathea. Robert did not invent this legend, but he was probably the first to tell it in French.

The lives of saints were favourite themes among Anglo-Norman writers. The tragic fate of Thomas à Becket had a special fascination for the poets of the time, and although *Garnier*, the most distinguished of Becket's many biographers, was a native of France and wrote in Parisian French, yet he finished his life of St. Thomas at Canterbury, near the tomb of the martyr, and his work has been preserved only in Anglo-Norman MSS. Moreover, *Beneet*, a monk of St. Albans, and the contemporary of Garnier, treated the same subject in unmistakable Anglo-French.

As a rule, however, preference was given to saints of longer standing. St. Brandan, St. Patrick, St. Edmund, St. Giles, St. Lawrence, St. Alban, St. George, and others, were championed in turn by many poets living in English monasteries or at the court of English nobles. The women of the time emulated the stronger sex. In her later years *Marie de France* wrote "l'Espurgatoire de St. Patrice," whilst an English nun, *Clemence de Berekinge* (i.e., Barking) told the "Life of St. Catherine."

More popular even than the saints was the *Virgin Mary*. Throughout the Middle Ages she remained a favourite with all classes, and the legends which grew up round her sympathetic figure were legion. Before the close of the twelfth century, *Adgar*, an English monk, had collected in Norman French no fewer than forty-two such legends.

A few centuries before, King Alfred, both by precept and example, had encouraged the translation of Latin works into English. In the period under review, till the second half of the fourteenth century, such works were translated into Anglo-Norman prose and verse. More than one French version was made of the *Disticha Catonis*, the famous rules of conduct of Monk Evrart. Anglo-Norman versions of the *Psalms*, based on the "Versio Hebraica" of Hieronymus, have been preserved in Oxford and Cambridge. More significant still is the fact that numerous legends, once popular among the Saxons, were now revived in Norman-French. Such heroes

as *King Waldef*, *King Horn*, *Havelok the Dane*, were rescued from oblivion, and the banqueting halls of the nobles resounded once more with their praise. Nearer home, a skilled bard of Southampton,¹ whose name has unfortunately been forgotten, perpetuated the memory of our local heroes, *Sir Bevois and Ascupart*, and spread their fame abroad.

Signs are not wanting that the language of the Conqueror had penetrated into every part of England and every class of society. In the days of Richard I, French was commonly heard from the pulpit, and had even begun to be used in popular performances of mysteries and passion plays. It was in England that some of the oldest French plays were written, and one of these, the *Play of Adam*, is often looked upon as the masterpiece of this kind of literature. It is natural enough that chroniclers and poets who wrote for the scholars of the time or for the Norman nobility should use the French language, but we find, written in the same tongue, the works also of popular story-tellers, like the Minorite Friar *Bozon*, who catered more especially for the spiritual needs of the lower classes.

The scope of the present essay forbids dwelling longer on this point, and many names of Anglo-Norman poets and prose-writers must needs be omitted; but enough has been said to show the amazing literary activity among the French-speaking population of England, from the twelfth to the fourteenth century. This activity is all the more striking when it is contrasted with the dearth of English writers during the same period. In one or two isolated monasteries, which had escaped the influx of Norman monks, timid attempts were made for a time to keep alive the old literary traditions of the country. The monks of Peterborough, for example, continued the famous *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* down to the year 1154. Elsewhere the sayings of Alfred were reverently treasured, or the praise of the Virgin was sung by a bard who was not yet ashamed of his native speech. Orm in the Midlands, Layamon on the border of Wales, were conspicuous amongst their contemporaries for their disregard of the prevailing fashion of writing French or Latin. Here and there a strolling minstrel would still delight the country folk with his songs in homely English, but those who made any pretence to education and good breeding, looked with pity or contempt on these illiterate songsters.

¹ Cf. Simmings, p. lviii.

II.—ANGLO-FRENCH, THE LANGUAGE OF LAW
AND COMMERCE.

Not only in literature did the French language acquire an unquestioned superiority, but for legal purposes it competed severely with Latin, the diplomatic language of the Middle Ages. The practice of pleading in French was established as early as the reign of Henry I, and when Henry II ascended the throne, the French tongue was also adopted in the circuit of the justices, and new forms of pleading and trial were introduced in the Assize, the names of which were French, and these have been handed down to the present day.¹ In the reign of Richard I, the Crusades contributed materially to extend the use of French amongst the nobles and their retainers. Henceforward French became essentially the language of the barons, both in public and private life, in their meetings and parliaments,² to discuss important matters of state, as well as in their peculiar courts to try the misdemeanours of their tenants. That such was the case, clearly appears from various formularies and treatises on the manner of keeping baronial courts (*e.g.*, Court Baron,³ *Brevia Placitata*, etc.). The publications of Prof. Maitland furnish the proof that even when the court was presided over by an ecclesiastical lord, the pleading was done in French, although the enrolment of it was always in Latin.⁴

It is possible that *Magna Carta* was first drawn up in French. At any rate during the reign of Henry III the French tongue found its way into the statute law, for the *Statutum de Scaccario*, which is assigned to the fifty-first year of his reign, is in that language. Sir Travers Twiss has already remarked (Vol. I, p. lv) that such a statute—dealing as it does with the collection of rents from the farmers of Crown lands, the defrauding of customs, the regulation of the wages of artisans and labourers employed by the Crown—would not have been written in French unless its provisions had been thereby rendered more intelligible to the classes to be affected by it.

“In the following reign of Edward I there are numerous instances of the French language being used in framing the Statute Law, and what is more to the purpose, the petitions

¹ Cf. Twiss, Vol. I, p. lxxii.

² The proceedings of the Parliament held at Oxford A.D. 1258 (43 Henry III) affords evidence that French was the spoken language of all Orders (cf. Twiss, Vol. I, p. lv).

³ Published by Maitland (Selden Soc.)

⁴ Cf. Maitland, *opus cit.*, p. 15.

to Parliament, during this king's reign, are for the most part in French.¹ From this time onward many documents emanating from the king, especially letters, were written in French, whilst Latin was reserved for charters and documents of a more permanent character. The writ of Privy Seal, for example, if not in fact of French origin, is more usually expressed in that language between the end of the thirteenth century and the beginning of the fifteenth.² Until the middle of that century a considerable proportion of official writings of this county is found to be in the French language.³ Generally speaking, French is superseded by English and Latin from the reign of Edward IV,⁴ though its use survived in royal diplomatic letters till the Regency.⁵

French, moreover, was not only the language of the upper classes, the court and the nobility, the favourite medium of law and literature, but it was also the language of commerce both by sea and by land. In studying the origin and development of the Guild Merchant of Southampton (Vol. I, pp. xii and following), we have already referred to the important part played by the Norman merchants in the development of English boroughs. It was they who revived the trade of the country and inaugurated an active intercourse with the continent. They settled in most English towns. Indeed, in Southampton they were so numerous that they occupied one of the two main streets of the town (which to this day is called French Street). With the advent of these foreigners, Merchant Guilds sprang up everywhere. The records of these powerful associations, which have come down to us from the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, are almost invariably in French. Guild ordinances and municipal laws of that period preserved in London, Ipswich, Winchester, Leicester, and other towns are mostly in the same language. Latin is found occasionally; but there is scarcely a trace of English. Such was the case at Southampton, too. The oldest extant version of the ordinances by which the Guild Merchant first, and later also the borough, were governed, is in Norman-French, and there is no reason to suppose that

¹ Cf. Twiss, *loc. cit.* An example of such a petition, made in 1415 by the burgesses of Southampton, will be found in Gidden, *Charters of Southampton*, Vol. II, p. 212.

² Cf. Hubert Hall, *A Formula Book*, p. 32.

³ Cf. Hubert Hall, *Studies in Official Hist. Documents*, p. 368.

⁴ Cf. *opus cit.*, p. 253.

⁵ Cf. *id.*, p. 274.

they were originally drawn up in another language, even though some of them may represent Anglo-Saxon customs. These ordinances had to be read and discussed at Guild meetings, new members had to promise to obey them; nevertheless, no English translation was made of them till 1473.¹ Yet the persons admitted into the Guild were not scholars, but merchants and artisans. If French had not been perfectly familiar to them, they would at least have taken their oath in English.

The revival of commerce after the Conquest was naturally accompanied by a great development in the shipping trade of England. First with Normandy and Brittany, then at the accession of Henry II with Guienne and Southern France also, there sprang up a steadily increasing commercial intercourse. The records preserved at London, Ipswich, Southampton, and other ports show conclusively that French was the language of the sea-faring classes. The sea-laws of Oleron and the rules of the English Admiralty, which constituted the chief maritime legislation of the period, were all in French, and no Latin version of them has been mentioned by any writer.² English translations do not seem to have been undertaken till the sixteenth century. It is, at all events, quite certain that none existed before the fifteenth century.

Until that time, French was used exclusively in Southampton in matters connected with the harbour; and the clerks of the town, though they knew but little Latin, wrote French with tolerable skill. Chapter VI of the Oak Book provides us with a typical example. In 1329 an agreement was made between Southampton and Salisbury to the effect that the latter should enjoy a reduction on the tolls levied on various goods brought to, or carried from, Southampton. Probably at the request of the Bishop of Salisbury, and perhaps with his assistance, the document was drawn up in Latin, but the scribe was utterly at a loss how to translate a considerable number of words, and got over the difficulty by retaining the Anglo-French form of these words.³ Many Southampton records have unfortunately perished, but the oldest Water-bailiffs' Accounts, those for the year 1428, are still entirely in French. In 1434 Latin began to be used, either alone or

¹ In a preamble to that translation reproduced in Vol. I, p. 85 ff, it is clearly pointed out that William Overey, the translator, used a French original.

² Cf. Twiss, Vol. I, p. liv.

³ e.g., porpeys, graspois, sturjon, rys, likorice, reysin, conger, makerel, canevez, cordewan, verdegriz, orpement, etc., etc.

alternately with French. It was not till twenty years later that whole entries were made in English, although isolated words had, of course, crept into the French or Latin long before that date.

The result was often a curious mixture of Latin, French, and English jumbled together pell-mell in one single sentence. Thus for the year 1451 we find items like the following :—“ iij. laste sope negre, valoris le barell xv.s., custome . . . ix.d.,” in which “ laste ” and “ sope ” are genuine Saxon words, “ le barell ” and “ custome ” are Anglo-French, “ valoris ” is clearly Latin, whilst “ negre ” is very likely of Spanish origin.¹ Yet the sentence as it stands is perfectly intelligible to anyone who knows no other language but modern English, for “ negre ” will naturally suggest the present form “ negro,” and “ valoris ” has survived in the Anglo-French “ *valour*.”

¹ It has been shown in another part of this volume (*Introd.*, ¶ 45) that soap was commonly imported from Spain.

(*To be continued*).

TO TH - R - SA.—An Entreaty.

* * *

Th - r - sa, some lovers in anguish
Would raid pharmaceutical shops,
Or depart for the tropics to languish,
Or seek consolation in hops ;
Your *Fv - nkie* is saner and stronger,
He won't make a mess of his brains ;
Though you flout him and love him no longer,
It isn't of that he complains.

Though tears at your faithlessness trickle,
I still can forgive and forget,
Since the maiden who *couldn't* be fickle
Has never by mortal been met.
I yearn not for *P - rey* to perish,
I'm used to these amorous blows,
But—*can't* you induce him to cherish
Some sort of refinement in hose ?

With apologies to “Punch,” April, 1910.

THE LIGHTS O' LONDON.
* * *

One of my early school teachers was a north countryman, who, like so many others of his craft, had been drawn to London by its glamour and offers of material advancement. I well remember how oft-times he would digress, much to our boyish satisfaction, in order to rail at, and ridicule the apathy of the average Londoner—or Cockney as he called him—for his native City. This apathy he was quite unable to understand, for London to him was a mine of adventure and source of great delight.

He had a large, imaginative and inspiring soul, as I now see, and he stands in my mind as a good teacher, for even if he affected us in no other way, he inspired many of my classmates with a desire to know London, and a strong determination to satisfy their desire in future years, when they were men.

His indictment of the Londoner's ignorance of their city was, in the main, true; and there was one phrase often on his lips which is worth recalling. The one eloquent peroration with which he brought these tirades upon Cockneys to a close (generally when he saw the shadow of the headmaster appear) was "But there boys, its the same old story—'Familiarity breeds contempt.'" That clinched the argument for us, and how we blessed those departures from dry arithmetic, and sighed for the benighted condition of our elders.

In the first place, are Londoners familiar with London? In a sense they are. They can tell a stranger the best method of getting to and from all districts, even so far apart as Catford and Walthamstow. They can inform you of the fares and colours of motor buses to all parts of Greater London, and with an easy direction put you on the way to a hidden alley "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife." Is this really familiarity? Do they *know* London? To know London, one must first of all be in love with it, just in such a way as one can imagine Charles Lamb loved it. Then its streets and buildings, parks and river will be endeared by a host of memories and associations. Hardly a foot of its costly ground will fail to recall great men and stirring events of great interest. The Londoner, however, can hardly be expected to enter into London's heart in this way. The

drudgery of his work is here, and, that done, he rushes off to his home and family and the quiet garden in the suburbs, and tries to forget the bustle of the City.

Secondly, is he contemptuous of his native city and its associations? Some would have it so, and point to the small percentage of electors who vote in London County Council Elections, as an indication. Yet it is useless to expect such a corporate life to exist in London as was evident in mediæval Florence, because of the great size of the former. London is too vast for anyone to interest himself in it as a whole, and hence arises the apparent lack of interest, or "contempt" as it is called, with which the Londoner is so often charged.

At comparatively few Londoners, however, can the charge of apathy be in any wise levelled, and it is the present writer's wish to pass on to a short account of a few of London's historical associations.

The growth of London has been continuous. From the small palisaded encampment on the high ground bordering a lake, it has grown to a vast heterogeneous collection of practically self-governed towns. Right through the generations it has been pushing itself outwards, embracing and engulfing the country. This is very apparent in one short journey known very well to the writer. One takes the train at Liverpool Street Station, the terminus of the Great Eastern Railway. This is in the very heart of the City, one minute's walk from the Bank and Mansion House. The first stop is at Bishopsgate, which was one of the Northern gates through the walls. With such a short journey a few hundred years ago the open country was reached. Leaving the dismal Bishopsgate Street Station, the train passes along the western boundary of Spitalfields, and on the left can be seen what are left of the curious old silk weavers' rooms which were formerly so numerous here. The train then pulls up at Bethnal Green. Already one has visions of grassy glades and cool fields, but a glance from the window will reveal chimney pots as numerous as the blades of grass in many a field. The next stop is at Cambridge Heath. This sounds likelier, and perhaps a mental picture of the stage direction in Macbeth appears:

"A heath near Forres.
Thunder. Enter the three Witches."

Yet alas, on looking out again one discovers only an infirmary, a brown bread factory and a boot warehouse. The train starts again and one's hopes are raised once more by hearing a porter shout "London Fields." It is true that there

one gets a glimpse of some "fields," but they are surrounded by houses which are let out in dirty tenements, and the few remaining lime trees are quite as grimy as the famous one in Wood Street. It is very disappointing but one is comforted by thinking that the next station is Hackney Downs. Surely that is no misnomer. The train burrows its way underneath them, however; and even if one could see them, the impression would only be one of iron railings and prohibitory notice boards. Thus, if one felt so inclined, one could mourn over London's growth and truly say "the glory has departed."

Let us return from the wild goose-chase for fields, heaths and downs in London to the City and visit at least one church. The churches of London will always form a perpetual reminder of its great sons who have found their resting places in them, and who, many of them, have lavished their fortunes on them. Let us enter Cripplegate Church, passing as we do so a very fine statue of Milton. St. Paul's may contain the memorials of many a noble name, but here lies Milton. The church was built near the North Western gate of the City, in the old ward of Crepple Gate. An old tradition exists concerning this gate and neighbourhood. When the bands of marauding Danes began to land on the shores of East Anglia, the Abbot of Bury St. Edmunds became alarmed for the safety of his precious charge, namely the body of Edmund the Martyr. He removed it to St. Gregory's Church near St. Pauls, and whilst the procession was passing through the Crepple Gate it excercised a marvellous healing power, and many cripples, whose custom it was to gather there, were cured of their infirmities. The Church itself was built about twenty-four years after the Conquest, but owing to many subsequent alterations it does not give us a very good example of Norman architecture. It is however a great national memorial inasmuch as it contains the remains of John Milton, who was born in Milk Street not very far away. He was buried some years after the restoration, and, but for the disfavour with which he was looked upon at Court, might have been buried in a manner more befitting his reputation and genius. The exact spot of his grave is unknown, but in 1790 an attempt was made to exhume his body for certain purposes. One cannot help feeling disgusted at the sacrilegious manner in which the exhumation was carried out, but one is reassured by a substantial doubt that it was really not his body that was ghouled. The same church also enshrines two other representatives of national ideals. The first is Martin Frobisher, an equal and contemporary of Drake, Raleigh and Hawkins, and an embodiment of the adventurous spirit of Elizabethan days. After many fights on the high-seas

with Spanish galleons, and a voyage round the world, he was shot in a sea-fight off Brest. The other celebrity is Foxe, the author of the "Book of Martyrs." After many vicissitudes he was made vicar of this church. His book represents the intense hatred of the Marian prosecution of his time.

Besides being the burial place of such notables, it was in this church that Oliver Cromwell was married to Elizabeth Bouchier in 1620—over twenty years before he was to be deeply engaged in the great struggle for English liberty. One can safely conjecture that he often worshipped here, for he lived only a short distance away. This part of the city was a very strong Puritan quarter, and at Cleeman Street in the Ward of Coleman, the five members are said to have hidden from Charles I. in 1642. Charles himself came to the City to arrest them, but he soon retired, having been received with sullen looks and doubtful mutterings on the part of the populace.* It was at the Star Inn in Coleman Street, too, that the trial of the unfortunate King was decided upon.

Whilst in the neighbourhood one might come across Milton Street. The name is no evidence of any close connection with the poet, but is the disguise of the old Grub Street, so famous as being the haunt of starving literary hacks of Georgian days. Dr. Johnson in his Dictionary defines Grub Street as:

"The name of a street in London inhabited by writers of small histories, dictionaries and temporary poems; whence any mean production is called Grub Street."

It appears however that Johnson himself lived there at one time.

Near by is Smithfield, or according to its derivation, Smooth-field, which in bygone times was the scene of many a costly tournament, notably that given by the aged Edward III. to his mistress Alice Ferrers. Once a year all the London apprentices used to play football here, but as the ball was of wood and there were no rules to prevent foul play, there must have been many more cracked sculls and broken shins, than it is possible to get now in a game of football. The chief interest in Smithfield will always be in its connections with its martyrs—both Protestant and Catholic. Among other crimes for which Henry VIII. has to answer, is the death at the stake of a young Kentish girl for some slight theological heresy. Here it was also that Latimer spoke those words of cheer to

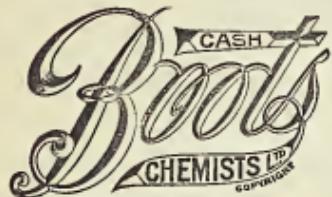
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MATHEMATICAL INSTRUMENTS IN SETS.

OUT-DOOR and IN-DOOR GAMES IN GREAT VARIETY.

the dying Ridley :—“ Be of good comfort master Ridley and play the man ; we shall this day light such a candle by God's Grace in England as I trust shall never be put out.”

Neither can one forget the earlier martyrdom of Wallace, who in 1305, after fighting fearlessly for his country's liberty, was hanged at this spot, after having been dragged by horses from the Tower.

Before leaving the north side of the river one might well visit Charterhouse, which is not far from Smithfield. Its early history is very interesting, for we find that it is a foundation dating from 1349, when the Black Death was raging furiously in London. Ralph Stratford was much shocked by the hasty and unfeeling way in which the bodies were buried and piled up in the pits, so he consecrated thirteen acres of land to provide burial more befitting human beings. Later on St. Benedict, feeling that the already severe Carthusian Order to which he belonged was not severe enough, founded a kind of sub-order, the laws of which were to be the hardest ever known. Each monk had his own house, and was bound to silence. The meals were taken in the common refectory, but the monks were enjoined to “keep their eyes on the meat, their hands upon the table, their attention on the reader and their hearts fixed on God.” During one part of his life Sir Thomas More, afterwards Lord Chancellor of England, was a lay brother there, and at the Dissolution of the Monasteries in 1543 the majority of the brethren refused to acknowledge Henry as the “ Supreme Head of the Church of England,” as did More in the following year. Many of them, including Prior Houghton, met their deaths, their heads being impaled on London Bridge—London's Golgotha. It was these brave men whom More saw on their way to the scaffold when he said to Margaret his daughter “ Lo, dost thou not see Megg, that these blessed fathers be now going to their deaths as three bridegrooms to their marriage?”

The Charterhouse School was founded in the reign of James I, originally as a mathematical School, but it is of great interest to us because Thackeray makes Thomas Newcome one of the pensioners in it. The place must be endeared not only to Carthusians but to everyone who has read “ The Newcomes.” “ One afternoon he asked for his little gownboy, and the child was brought to him and sate by the bed with a very awestricken face ; and then gathered courage, and tried to amuse him by telling him how it was a half holiday, and they were having a cricket match with St. Peter's boys in the green, and

Grey Friars were in and winning At the usual evening hour the Chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands, outside the bed, feebly beat time; and just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said 'Adsum' and fell back. It was the word we used at school when names were called, and lo ! he, whose heart was that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of the Master."

No description of London, however short, would be complete if no reference to Southwark and the Tabard Inn was included. On the way to London Bridge one might pass Newgate Street in which was situated Christ's Hospital, where Coleridge, Lamb, Leigh, Hunt, and many other literary worthies, were educated. Lamb in his essay on his old school has much to say of the food the boys were given, but he omits to mention some lines which are often used to describe it :—

Sunday, All Saints,
Monday, All Souls,
Tuesday, all trenchers,
Wednesday, all bowls,
Thursday, tough jack,
Friday, no better,
Saturday, pea soup with bread and butter.

Crossing the river by London Bridge one is soon in a neighbourhood full of literary associations. Here was the Tabard Inn, immortalised by Chaucer in the Canterbury Tales. Besides being the starting place of Chaucer's pilgrims to the shrine of St. Thomas, the inn was used as a theatre. Its form—three sides of a square, with a gallery running round them, was very convenient for this purpose. The stage was placed at the entrance, projecting into the courtyard, where stood the "groundlings." Plays were performed here, because it was just outside the boundary of the City, within which stage plays were prohibited by the Court. The shape of old inn yards really determined the form and arrangements of the Globe Theatre which was built near by. The outside was octagonal in shape, but the interior resembled an inn-yard, and one portion was thatched. On one occasion, Cardinal Wolsey, whose palace was adjacent, was giving a masque in honour of Henry VIII, and sparks from an explosion set the theatre on fire. Sir Henry Wotton humorously describes it :— "This was a fatal period of that virtuous fabrick, wherein yet nothing did perish but wood and straw, and a few forsaken cloaks; only one man had his breeches set on fire, that would perhaps have broyled him, if he had not, by the benefit of a provident wit, put it out with a bottle of ale." There must have been some rare times at the Globe.

Shakespeare and his contemporaries had a very close connection with Southwark. He, Burbage, Ben Johnson, Fletcher and Beaumont were often to be found in the Falcon Inn at Bankside. In the Church of St. Mary Overy, near by, are the tombs of Edmund Shakespeare, the youngest brother of the poet, of Fletcher, who died of the plague, and of Phillip Massinger.

The last named, although he wrote a play called "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," was unable to pay his own, for he died quite poverty stricken, being buried at the expense of the parish.

To treat even in a cursory fashion of a tenth part of London's glorious associations would require many volumes. One writer could never do it. Every street and alley repays with much pleasure and enlightenment the most diligent research. One may not say as Bismarck is supposed to have said, "What a fine city to sack"; but a true Londoner has the same spirit as Charles Dickens had when he wrote:—"For a week or a fortnight I can write prodigiously in a retired place, and then a day in London sets me up and starts me. But the toil and labour of writing day after day without that magic-lantern (London), is immense."

E.W.



SAYINGS APROPOS.

"These are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourish'd in the womb of *pia mater*, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion."

Shakespeare—“*Love's Labours Lost.*”

"Steal! to be sure they may, and, egad—serve your best thoughts as gypsies do stolen children—disfigure them to make 'em pass as their own."

Sheridan—“*Critic.*”

* * *

HOSTEL SUPPERS.—(What really happens).

"This cheese is as nutritious and unattractive and indigestible as Science" remarked Chaffery, cutting and passing wedges. "But crush it—so—under your fork, add a little of this good Dorset butter, a dab of mustard, pepper—the pepper is very necessary—and some malt vinegar, and crush together. You get a compound called Crab and by no means disagreeable."

H. G. Wells.

CRITICISM LESSONS.

"Still, it is not the place of a student to criticise, unless { ^{he} _{she} }; be at a Training College, and there { ^{he} _{she} } must exercise { ^{his} _{her} } critical faculty on all and everything, the authorities alone excepted."

Peet.

COLLECTING SUBS. FOR CAP-SMOKERS.

"I give thee sixpence! I will see thee d——d first."

G. Canning—“*Friend of Humanity.*”

MR. YOUNG.

"Nowher so besy a man as he ther n'as,
And yet he seemed besier than he was."

Chaucer—“*Prologue to Canterbury Tales.*”

MR. HARGREAVES, *Raconteur.*

"He cometh unto you with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney-corner."

Sidney—“*Defence of Poesy.*”

SPECTATORS ON THE LINE AT NETLEY.

"There will be an old abusing of . . . the King's English."

"*Merry Wives of Windsor.*"

MR. SNOW TO MR. JACOBS.

"If the rascal have not given me medicine to make me love him, I'll be hanged."

"*King Henry IV.,*" Part I.

"FERDY" RETURNING FROM READING.

"For my voice, I have lost it with hollaing and singing of anthems."

"*Henry IV.,*" Part II.

THE SECRETARY OF THE M.R.C. IN THE COMMON ROOM.

"But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er."

"*Othello.*"

HOWARTH AND AN INCIDENT AT REGENT'S PARK.

"My galligaskins, that have long withstood
The winter's fury, etc.,
A horrid chasm disclosed."

John Philips—“*The Splendid Shilling.*”

MR. JACOBS TO MR. SNOW.

"Ain't nobody to be whopped for taking this here liberty, sir?"

Sam Weller—“*Pickwick Papers.*”

HARTLEY SPECTATORS AND THE CUP TIE.

"Let them freely feast, sing and dance, have their puppet plays, hobby horses, tabors, crowds, bag-pipes, etc."

Burton—“*Anatomy of Melancholy.*”

HARTLEY STUDENTS BEHAVING THEMSELVES AT SPEECH NIGHT.

"Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends;
Unless some dull and favourable hand
Will whisper music to my weary spirit."

Shakespeare—“*Henry IV.*”

MR. H - - GR - VES.

"And his chin, new reap'd,
Show'd like a stubble land at harvest home."

Ibid.

MR. WEBER AT THE PEACE BANQUET.

"Oh, for a *forty parson power.*"

Byron—“*Don Juan.*”

CERTAIN UNRULY STUDENTS AT ELECTION MEETINGS
IN THE MEN'S COMMON ROOM.

"You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting
With most admired disorder."

“*Macbeth.*”

A SLANDER ON A PROMINENT JUNIOR.

"Varney, thou art an incarnate fiend."

Scott—“*Keni'worth.*”

MR. PUGH.

"I grieve to see the company thou keepest."

Goethe—“*Faust.*”

MR. TRIPPE, THE AUTHOR OF THE “TRIPLE
SHEARING FORCE” THEORY.

"Oh, wise young man!"

“*Merchant of Venice.*”

THE COMMON ROOM DOOR.

"Break, break, break."

Tennyson.

ADVICE TO MR. LEIGH.

"Don't swear—it's quite unnecessary."

“*Pickwick Papers.*”

SCI. SOC. TEAS.

"There's a young 'ooman on the next form but two as has
drunk nine breakfast cups and a half, and she's a swellin'
wisible before my very eyes."

Ibid.

“EDWIN MERCER.”

"A large head of hair adds beauty to a good face, and terror
to an ugly one."

Lycurgus, on Plutarch's Lives.

A HARTLEY TOAST, HEARTILY GIVEN.

* * *

Here's to the girl with the eye that can wink,
 Here's to the girl they call "Gibson";
 Here's to the girl who reads Times that are pink,
 And here's to the girl who reads Ibsen.

Chorus—Let the toast pass, drink to the lass,
 I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the girl with the fan that can flirt,
 Wounding our hearts till they rankle;
 Here's to the girl whose exiguous skirt,
 Reveals such a neat little ankle.

Chorus—Let the toast pass, etc.

Here's to the girl who spoils good cigarettes,
 Here's to the good girl who loathes them;
 Here's to the girls who owe dressmakers' debts,
 And Lord help the fellow who clothes them;

Chorus—Let the toast pass, etc.

Here's to the girlie you kiss on the stairs,
 Here's to the girl that's obdurate;
 Here's to the girl that leads Sunday School prayers,
 The girl with her eye on the Curate.

Chorus—Let the toast pass, etc.

Here's to the girls who each morning at nine
 Come skipping to College so smartly;
 Here's to the girls who all others outshine,
 I give you "the Girls of the Hartley."

Chorus—Let the toast pass, etc.



"Raillery, Raillery! indeed we have no Animosity—
We hit off a little now and then, but no Animosity."

Congreve—“Way of the World.”

THAT Mr. H-rgr--ves knows some exciting yarns.

THAT Mr. I'Anson did not like being tackled by the
“Rugger” captain.

THAT Mr. Y--ng is still well acquainted with Woolston
Bridge.

THAT Prof. Lyttel insisted on having a bell at Debating
Society Meetings.

THAT, “W(h)at(t)’s the matter with A-bl-r? He’s all right,
etc.

THAT Mr. Cl--ry is “quite right.”

THAT Mr. Mills will complete his "*encore*" at another smoker.

THAT a certain lecturer believes in the maxim:—

"Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just,
But *four times* he that gets his fist in first."

THAT this term has been remarkable for several "*liaisons*" among the seniors.

THAT we are afraid some of the senior men have succumbed to the fatal 29th of February, and all it involves.

THAT hence there are now other occupations beside playing "back" for the soccer elevens.

THAT "Bournemouth £2,000, Portsmouth, £1 1s. od."

THAT the generosity of Pompey was not appreciated by the men students.

THAT whenever the Pompeyites get mixed up in a "rough house" there is some damage done.

THAT certain lucky individuals obtained relics of the first smashed door of the Men's new Common Room.

THAT we hope they will serve in future years as a reminder of Pompey's bounty.

THAT Mr. T-g-d "*heard*" the smash, when the glass case containing the Common Room rules was shattered.

THAT the steed has a horse laugh.

THAT she wished she'd known before.

THAT woe will betide him if he shows any signs of insubordination.

THAT that did *not* sound pretty.

THAT we slapped our Britannic chests because that was beyond the scope of our examination.

THAT when walking down the Forest Strand, she held a rose-bud, not a *banana*, in her hand.

THAT Mr. W - b - r was considered the best orator of the evening; because it was not considered necessary to stop eating to listen to him.

THAT "Snarks" intends to strike for higher wages.

THAT he considers his life is always in danger when he is at his *work*.

THAT some of the girls *must* buy good razors.

THAT Mr. B - dm - n is going to do well:

THAT his *fiancée* has a very superior worldly position—much better than his own.

THE AMERICAN LADY—AND HER HUSBAND.

THE train stopped at Durham. Two people got out and a porter came in laden with three large bags. He was followed by a portly lady, who, after twice changing her mind as to where he was to deposit the bags, reimbursed him with two-pence and then turned to a small man quietly standing on the platform with another bag in his hand. "Why don't you get in?" she demanded. The man got in—a feat previously impossible, even had he been more attenuated than he was—and put down the bag between his knees.

"You won't be comfortable like that," said the dame, who had spread herself and sundry small belongings over a large portion of one seat.

He sighed a little and put the bag insecurely on the rack above his head.

"Did you ask if we change at Darlington?" proceeded the lady, with severity. He replied in the affirmative. "Are you *sure*?" she asked, "You'd better ask again." The slave rose and leaned out of the window, but the train was already in motion and he found no one to ask. "Who told you we had to change?" went on the better half. He murmured a reply, "Then I believe he was wrong," said the lady with conviction. "These Englishmen say anything!" Then I broke silence, entering into the fun of the thing. "Can I be of service, Madam?" I asked, "I am used to this line."

The lady eyed me, noting every detail of myself and apparel, and then said graciously, "Ought we to change for York? my husband *ought* to have asked, but he didn't." The meek one opened his lips to speak but thought better of it and shut them again.

I gave the desired information and was thanked with effusion. "These railways are so difficult," said the lady "You never know which are the porters and which are the passengers." Not thinking of a suitable reply, I made none.

"We have just done Edinburgh," continued the lady, in gracious tones. "We arrived at Durham last night and we went into the Cathedral this morning. The worst of it is, there are so many places in England that we can't see them all." It was a point of view novel to me and required consideration, but I asked if they intended to stay long in York.

"Two hours," said she. "There is nothing to see there except the walls, is there?" I mentioned two or three other features of interest. "Then we must stay the night," she decided. "John," to her husband, "We shall stay the night." He bowed, absently. "Perhaps," she said to me with a brilliant smile, "perhaps you know London?" I intimated that I did.

"What ought we to see there?"

Repressing a violent inclination to direct them to the Zoo, I mentioned a few points of interest. "Well, that's real interesting," the lady said when I paused, "John, have you written that down?" He had not, but took out his pocket-book obediently. "Would you mind spelling it for him, my dear?" she suggested, sweetly. I did so, and he wrote down several directions and then, still sadly, put away the notes.

They were spending three weeks in England, having come for the change in order to improve the husband's health, I was informed. I left them standing on the platform at Darlington, surrounded by the bags.

M. M. C.



WOT THEY CALLS A PEACE BANQUET.

+ + +

Now I reckon that the blokes wot talk about this
 bloomin' war
 Ought to go to goal for jawin', and not come out any
 more.
 Why I never in me nat'r'l 'eard sich bloomin' tommy-
 rot
 As the gents said at the Banquet, as they one by one
 up got.

"Now, look yer," sez one, "I'm a bloke wot thinks
 as our great King
 'As only got to ope 'ees mouth and then 'es done the
 thing."
 Why, bless me, does a feller think an International
 row
 Can't be wiped out when our ole King just sez to all
 "Bow wow!"

Then other fellers up and got and spoke so big and
 large
 About the Arts and Sciences and other bloomin'
 barge;
 But when the blokes wot spouted *Sport* stood up
 and 'ad their say,
 I reckon that they 'it it straight and hard and won the
 day.

When I'd heard all the sporties said, I was bang full
 with glee;
They spoke from common sense, *they* did, with fine
 philoserphey.
 'Taint yer sojers and yer Maxims and yer army
 aëroplanes,
 But yer mixin' up and 'dulgin' in the good ole
 spawts and games.

An' it ain't the bashin' up of all yer boats and all
 yer men
 As'll turn the world right round about and put it
 straight agen.

It's a playin' one another in a ruf 'ouse kind of
spawt
Wot'll make the countries all shake 'ands and do as
'ow they ought.

It's yer football an' yer marbles, it's yer cricket an'
yer dibs,
It's yer good ole bang an' boxin' an' yer fireworks
an' squibs,
It's yer fencin' an' yer swimmin' wot'll pour the oil
and grease
On the rusty, worn out bearin's of yer International
Peace.

PHILOSERPHER.

HARTLEY BISCUITS. ☺ ☺

* * *

"A chiel's amang ye takin' notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it."

Burns—“On Captain Grose.”



For saying :—

“He is on the border of starvation and his
wife,”

Mr. O'Hara takes the biscuit.

For saying :—

“My human nature is due to my environ-
ment which is due to my father and mother,”

Mr. Watt takes the biscuit.

For saying :—

“From personal experience I know the feeling produced
by ‘strikes,’ ”

Mr. Millis takes the biscuit.

For saying :—

“I know all about the cotton trade,”

The same gentleman takes a second biscuit.

For saying :—

“We all like to make a show,”

Mr. Harding takes the biscuit.

For saying :—

“ *Strokes* should be made illegal,”

Mr. Watts earns another biscuit.

For saying :—

We'll have *Lamb* one day and *Bacon* the rest of the week,”
Miss A-br-y takes the biscuit.

For saying :—

“ I like a little bit of love,”

Mr. Kite takes the biscuit.

For saying :—

“ I haven't had much experience with *little girls*,”

Mr. Leake takes the biscuit.

For saying :—

“ I've had some experience in moonlight scenes,”

Prof. Lyttel takes the bun.

For saying :—

“ Because Charlotte Corday came from Caen, I don't want
you to assume that she was “ hot stuff,”

Mr. Dudley takes a biscuit.

For saying :—

“ The first *sharp* is a *natural*,”

Mr. Leake takes a second biscuit.

For saying :—

“ I never aim at what I hit,”

Mr. Porter takes the biscuit.”

For saying :—

“ If I can read my writing, surely *you* ought to be able to,”

Mr. Phillips takes the biscuit.”

For saying :—

“ Strictly speaking, an isotherm is not a line but a curve,”

“ Mr. Ursell takes the biscuit.”

For telling a student to put more “feeling” into the lines :—

“ In Spring a young man's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of love,”

Mr. Dudley takes a third biscuit.

For saying :—

“ Men out of work look for situations. As a last *resort* they join the army,”

Mr. Ward takes the biscuit.

For printing the result of the Cup-Tie—Hartley v. Sholing, thus :—

“ Hartley Colliery 6; Sholing 0,”

“ Lloyds ” takes the biscuit.

For saying :—

“ Keats became engaged and then his health rapidly declined,”

The new English Lecturer takes the biscuit.

For asking :—

“ If you wanted to *hear* your heart beating where would you feel?”

Mr. Dudley takes yet another biscuit.

For saying :—

“ That he has one girl in Southport, one at Lyndhurst, one at the Hostel, and another in town,”

Mr. R——r takes the biscuit.

For saying :—

“ That I am going to be *in the swim* after the *Soirées*,”

Mr. Kay takes the biscuit.

For translating :—

“ A young man of 18 years ” by “ Un tout jeune homme de quarte vingt ans,”

Mr. Williams earns a biscuit.

“ For *not* being able to tell the time of departure of a certain train,”

Mr. Cooke takes the biscuit.

“ For deigning to imagine he was a rival of Mr. Freeman’s,”

Mr. Kite takes the bun.

For saying :—

“ Browning’s wife died in 1861, and from that time onward he became very famous,”

Mr. Mackie takes a biscuit.

For saying :—

“ Napoleon himself was a snuggler,”

Prof. Lyttel takes the biscuit.

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For saying:—

“There were *four* before him, and he was the *sixth*,”
Mr. Crawford takes the biscuit.

For saying:—

“A certain enthusiastic botanist took two *haystacks* of *nettles*
and boiled them with alcohol,”
Mr. Harvey takes a biscuit.

For saying:—

“That insectivorous plants eat rats,”
The same gentleman takes another biscuit.

For saying:—

“The dog knows the biscuit where the cupboards are
kept,”
Miss Cussans takes the CAKE.

POMPEY CHIMES.



+

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+

WHAT do we hear of all our days?
‘Tis nothing but the rotten praise
Of Pompey.

Their swank it fairly turns us sick,
At Coll. we seem to have the pick
Of Pompey.

And yet for all their grand Town Hall,
There are some drawbacks after all
To Pompey.

For there you'll find no H.U.C.
No Soirée grand, or Sci. Soc. Tea,
At Pompey.

On football fields familiar scenes
Are picking up the ‘dead marines,’
At Pompey.

On Speech Night there was loud applause,
“One guinea to the Building Cause
From Pompey.”

Tho' no one there is called Moses
 Yet you should see the lovely noses,
 At Pompey.

If there is anything much worse
 Than this meandr'ing sloppy verse,
 'Tis Pompey.

WOLOBE.

SMILES, ☺ ☺

"A face that cannot smile is never good."

Martial.



When asked to give an example of a pair of synonyms, a fourteen-year-old school boy said "sheep and mutton," but was eclipsed by his neighbour who said "Pig, Pork and Ham!"

An infant wrote on her slate—"There are three kinds of hens—father hens, mother hens, and chick'ens."

"Cupidity" comes from the word "cupid," meaning god of love, plus "ity." He is a little fellow with colly locks an' a bow an' a harrer.

When asked what Adam was made from, a small child said "sawdust—teacher."

"That, on seeing in the dictionary the meaning of *élite* was 'the best part,' a child wrote 'I shall eat the *élite* of this apple and give the rest away.'

"Joan of Arc was the wife of Noah, who saved many people and animals from the Flood in his Arc.

Animals that can live on land and in water are called antibilious. The sycophant is one of these.

Archimedes invented a screw which Richard used to torture the rich Jews to make them give him money for his Holy Wars.

The Diet of Worms was what the Monks ate in the middle ages during Lent. At Easter they were allowed again to eat beef, which was called the "Pope's Bull."

The Wise Men studded (*sic*) the stars.

Vous avez raison, conservez-les. You have raisins, we have preserves.

UNTHINKABLES. ☐ ☐

"A College joke to cure the dumps."

Jonathan Swift—“Cassimus and Peter.”

* * *

If Mr. B-dm-n should lose any opportunity of impressing upon his fellow students that he has the government certificate.

If the women were to take part in the general discussion at the debates.

If Mr. St-l-y should come to a *soirée*.

If Mr. Fr - - m-n should forget to wait under the corridor clock.

THAT the women students should regard Mr. P-gh as an attraction.

IF Messrs. Amb-r and Ir-l-nd should wait at the same end of the corridor.

IF the Pompeyites were orderly.

IF they were also generous.

IF Mr. B-nd-y should be early enough to catch the right train.

THAT the Guard should have thought it necessary to tell Mr. T—g—d at Basingstoke that the Refreshment Bar was closed.

IF Messrs H-w-th, N-wsh-m and R-ff-l had been left behind at Reading.

IF Mr. W-rd should put up a notice without "subscriptions are now due."

IF Mr. Sn-w knew the proper way to dance at *soirées*.

IF Mr. W-ish should be attracted by one of the fair sex.

IF Mr. M-lls refused to respond to an "*encore*."

IF Mr. Cr--f-rd should forget to mark somebody "*unprepared*."

THAT Mr. H - rv - y should tell young ladies that they must have their razors sharpened, so that they can shave.

IF Mr. Ph-l-ps should take the responsibility of the mathematical suggestions of his final maths. class.

IF Mr. Tomlinson's Inter-class before the Interval should be in time to get buns.

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP. 

A Lamentable Lay of a Love-lorn Fresher.

* * *

It is my landlady's daughter,
And she is grown so fair, so fair ;
I love her grimy finger marks
My cheese and butter share ;
And with joy I whoop when in my soup
She leaves an auburn hair.

I love her name, Jemima Ann,
A name so sweet and rare, and rare ;
I love the milk she waters, and
The taters she doth pare ;
And I love the slipper which the saucy kipper
Threw at me on the stair.

I love the ragged once-was-belt
With which her waist is girt, is girt ;
And I love the strip of petticoat
That shows beneath her skirt ;
And it grieves me amain that she should deign
With the butcher's boy to flirt.

A brain-wave comes ! My coal is done
And I must ring for more, for more ;
I shall nerve myself to a desperate deed
I have never dared before,
And boldly kiss this charming miss
As she enters at the door.

* * * * *

Alas and alack ! Oh, alas and alack,
Ochone and woe is me, is me !
My cheek is sore from the hearty smack
Of an angry and muscular she ;
For, blood and slaughter ! instead of the daughter
I kissed my landlady.

WHEN MR. PUGH IS M.P. FOR HARTLEY.

+ + +

Now-a-days it is a simple thing to buy a book. To be strictly accurate, we should say rather, to order a book. It is for most of us not easy to buy anything except tobacco. Everything else is bought with drops of blood, so to speak. *Audi* the Debating Society. The idle rich and millionaires (haughty bounders!) of course have no difficulty in buying anything—except telegrams. Telegrams are sold by the State, and this reflection brings us abruptly to the subject we desire to discuss. The State so far does not trade extensively. For the most part it vends only such uninteresting wares as stamps and postal orders. These moreover it sells for spot cash. In the era which our title anticipates there is a prospect of the State becoming a huge book-seller. The purchasing of a volume will then become a complicated transaction. We had a foretaste of it in our timid dealings with a Government Board euphemistically termed "of Education." In the light of experience then we may consider the conditions under which books will be purchased when publishing becomes a State monopoly.

The purchasing of books is at present, as we have observed, perfectly simple. Just as you are debating whether to pay your tailor, or indulge in a week end at Monte Carlo with the remnants of your "grant," you are reminded by a troublesome and important lecturer, that you must purchase and read Lamb's Tales, or some such succulent literary morsel. You murmur a prayer, look up the last application for payment from the bookseller to whom you owe least, and then present yourself at his shop. It is a cosy edifice, perchance near the Bargate. Rows of tempting periodicals line the counter and shelves. You look around you and lovingly toy the "literature." Presently an urbane youth, dressed in the latest fashion, and with as much side as one of our engineers, hastens to enquire your wants. You state casually that you wish to "settle" an account. Immediately affability merges into obsequiousness. These preliminaries over, just as you are about to depart you say, still more casually, "oh, by the way, send me round Lamb's Tales, will you?" To enquiries whether you will have Lamb with calf binding, you convulse the assistant with a side-splitting allusion to butcher's shops, and make your exit. The transaction ends.

Consider how this piece of plain dealing will be altered when His Majesty's Government replaces the book-seller.

We will continue to assume that you never pay till to-morrow what you can owe to-day. Once again you want books. Acquainted with the tape-bound rules of Government Departments, you make application in due form, in writing, intimating willingness to pay for what you have had. You state, of course, your name, address, date of birth, calling, and nearest railway station. Having gratified official curiosity as to number in family, religion, and other personal matters, you ask to be supplied with Palgrave's "Golden Treasury" at the usual discount price. Before a week has expired—such is the express speed of Government Departments—you receive a printed communication to the following effect:—

Quote this No.* _____ in reply.

H.M. Book Depôt,

* _____ th March, 19 ____ *

Sir,

I am directed by H.M. Commissioners for the supply of Literature, to acknowledge the receipt of your communication.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

PORCUPINE BULLSWOOL,

PERCY DOOLITTLE, Esq.,

Secretary.

Hartley University College,

Southampton.

* These spaces are rarely filled in, owing to pressure on official time.

A fortnight having elapsed you write again, to learn from another printed sheet that "your communication is having attention."

As the lecturer is now beginning to wax sarcastic at your expense, and his silly and vapid remarks are being received with counterfeited hilarity by your base class-fellows, you proceed to follow the matter up in person.

You wend your way to a back street and enter the dingy portals of a derelict dwelling. In the hall a gold laced gentleman-at-leisure directs your attention with a jerk of his head to the legend "Book Office" over a door, and you make bold to go in. Within are no rows of bright covered shockers and sixpenny editions, but a counter much stained with ink and painted to look like oak. Beyond this, grouped round a roaring fire, are several young gentlemen, also roaring. At

first you fear lest state secrets may reach your unprivileged ears, but presently you gather that football is the subject of their story. The chances of "the Saints" are neglected for a moment, and a youth whose antique coat is like that of Joseph—ink of many colours having blended harmoniously with the original dye—demands an explanation of your intrusion

In chastened tones you refer to your application.

A consultation ensues between the youths without apparent result, until a small boy in the corner says "try upstairs!" These magic words rally the others, who, in different keys, force advice upon you. You are informed that pending alterations, H.M. Fuel Office is using the floor, and so you proceed upstairs. Having collided with the fire buckets which ornament a landing steeped in stygian gloom, you push open a door in response to a growl of "come in" which greets your feeble knock, and behold yourself confronted by a folding screen of gigantic dimensions. Your blood is up now, however, and you advance bravely round this fortification. A middle-aged man looks up from tea and toast, and in grumpy tones asks you what you want. Having listened to you for about two seconds he demands your R.O. number.

Forthwith you commence a hunt in your pockets for that mysterious document known as an "R.O."

This paper replaces the dear old bill of other days. It contains a wealth of printed directions (accompanied by threats of legal proceedings) as to how much you should pay and how and when you should pay it. A glance at the number printed thereon fortifies the official, who, after leisurely reviewing six or seven bulky volumes, accepts your cheque or coin for goods supplied, and assures you that your "Golden Treasury" will be delivered to you "in due course."

And so it is. Just as you sit down to swot for Terminals a week later, the volume arrives in a State waggon emblazoned with the letters O.H.M.S. One stalwart uniformed person presents a parcel to your landlady while four more remain in the back-ground in case of emergency. You receive your book and a sheet of foolscap densely populated with fine print, perforated in unlikely places, and ruled into a dozen columns. You push away your Hygiene note-book and proceed to grapple with the intricacies of this form.

At the head of each column is a brief summary of the information you are required to give in it, and a footnote supplements these directions in each case. Having stated whether you are a householder, a washerwoman, or a peer,

the size of your book-case, and other necessary particulars, the foolscap is received back into the hands of the State.

Casually you unpack your parcel, thanking your stars you have got your "Palgrave" at last. Suddenly you stagger to your feet and clutch your hair, while Reason totters on her throne. They have sent you a copy of "Barrell's Geometry," and you already have two.

More visits to the tea and toast department, more forms to be signed, and more time wasted. Finally, towards the end of your second year you receive your book.

But, you say, books will be cheaper then. I reply, by Lloyd George! I don't think.

THE INTERNATIONAL PEACE BANQUET.

+ + +

(*Exclusive report by The Man in the Balcony.*)

WAS I at the Peace Banquet? Not half! You weren't there? Oh, yes! I was there all right. Didn't pay eight pence though. Arrived at Coll. early, purloined (good word purloined) enough provisions for the evening, and retired to the balcony to eat, drink, and be merry, and, incidentally, to see and not be seen. Had a narrow escape of being caught once. My syphon went fizz! and for the moment I thought the game was up; but all were interested in the story of the Kilkenny cats, told in Mr. Dudley's irrepressible style, and so I was safe.

You know those Debating Society chaps who pretend to be so serious, and so engrossed in social problems, are a very giddy lot when you come to know them. Didn't they have a time as banqueteers. There were some of them started eating at half-past six and didn't stop till half-past nine. Prof. Lyttel opened the proceedings at half-past six by introducing that versatile entertainer *Joe Prince*, who was down for a song as the last item on the programme, and therefore was called on first. Now, to my mind Joe was partly to blame for the giddiness which characterised the banquet all through, as in this opening song he was actually accompanied at the piano by a young lady.

After the song Prof. Lyttel delivered a short inaugural address, his chief idea seeming to be to convince the banqueteers that he ought not to make a speech, if only for the

fact that he had gone through the whole of the Debating Society Session without having made one. He deplored the fact that Scotland was not represented at the banquet, and then introduced *Mr. Toogood* (Japan) as proposer of the toast "The King." Ferdy, who had only just recovered from his long journey, having had an arduous task in the wilds of Eastleigh medal hunting, expressed his pleasure at being present at the banquet, but seemed to infer that in his own opinion he was "*pas trop bon*" (*Æneid ix.*, 50) to propose such an important toast as "The King." The guests and delegates loyally drank to the King, and then *Mr. Hargreaves*, that sturdy Englishman, rose in reply. He claimed that Mr. Toogood's speech proved that "wise men still came from the East," and this Scriptural allusion was received with much appreciation, those guests and delegates who were unaware of Frank's theological attainments evidently marvelling at the enormous insight he possessed. *Mr. Badman* (Belgium) followed, and his speech was marked by an apt reminder that King George was the son of one of the greatest peacemakers the world has ever known. Mr. Badman went on to prove that the battlefield of Waterloo was in Belgium, but I thought that if he had used sketches and diagrams he might have impressed it more clearly on the minds of his audience that Waterloo had no connection with Euston. *Mr. Cooke* further replied to Mr. Toogood's toast, and it may be remarked that this representative of Sweden speaks with authority on all matters relating to his own country, as he is only just finishing a course in Swedish Drill.

After an interval of about one minute, during which those who had been listening to the speeches endeavoured to overtake in the race for nutriment those who hadn't, the President introduced the Dutch representative, *Mr. Pugh*, to propose the toast "The Mother of Parliaments." *Mr. Pugh* has, I believe, some connection with a Lancashire family, and consequently it surprised me that he placed in a wrong setting the quotation: "We want eight, and we won't wait." I believe that the origin of that expression was at a Lancashire banquet, where the guests, tired of waiting for the President to open proceedings, unanimously said: "We wan' t'eyt, and we won't wait." *Mr. Pugh* originally intended to appear in his native Dutch costume, but on disembarking from the boat which brought him to England, he was met by the Hon. Secretary with the remark, "Not in these." *Mr. Jowitt* (England) replied, after the toast "The Mother or Parliaments" had been drunk, and remarked that *Mr. Pugh* would soon be naturalized, if his position that evening was anything

to go by ; and I agree with Mr. Jowitt that Mr. Pugh appears to be most in his element when in that position. *Mr. Watt* (France) supported Mr. Jowitt.

After another short interval the President introduced the German representative, *Mr. Houghton*, whose duty it was to propose "The International Peace Council." Mr. Houghton referred to countries whose policy has been "Peace at any price—the bigger the 'piece' the better." The toast was drunk, and then *Miss Bull*, the famous English militant Suffragette, who had somehow denied herself the pleasure of window smashing to be present at the conference, rose to reply. Her speech proved that she agrees with the window-smashers that "Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face," although she by no means looks to the attainment of votes for women as the ultimate aim in life, but has other ideals, such as that of international peace. *Mr. R. Davison*, a well-known American exponent of international peace, next spoke, and then *Miss Beresford*, an eloquent French speaker followed. She supported international peace from a Socialistic point of view, and proved herself to be in favour of the equality of the sexes by announcing herself as a *brother* of all present. She seemed to get on better with the audience when she changed the word brother to sister.

Mr. E. Walsh (Germany) next proposed the toast "Science, Art, Literature, and Commerce." He disagreed with the preference given to science in the wording of the toast, and brought forth 'arty laughter by saying that all the rows in College could be traced to science students. *Mr. James*, another American representative with a distinct Yankee twang, referred to the desire of the people across the "herring pond" for peace. Curiously enough Mr. James' accent disappeared half way through the speech, and traces of Lancashire dialect appeared. This, of course, served to maintain the international character of Mr. James' speech. *Mr. Raymond* (Chili—although he looked warm enough) referred to the impetus given to peace proposals by science, art, literature, and commerce. *Miss Braybrooke* then rendered a very pretty song, after which "Sports and Pastimes" was proposed by *Mr. Harding* (France). Mr. Harding had just been taking part in a Rugby game at Pawtsworth, and consequently spoke with feeling of his desires for peace, at any rate on the football field. *Mr Prince* (Austria) responded, and considerably astonished the audience by stating that in his country the chief pastime was to take part in tavern brawls. Mr. Prince said that Hill Lane was one of his favourite spots in Southampton, and I must say that, considering he has not

been long in Southampton, he has become acquainted with a spot generally avoided by Hartley students. Mr. Williams (Wales) should have spoken next, but in his absence Dr. Wynn Jones spoke on behalf of "gallant little Wales." He acquainted the audience with a plot made by people, who ought to have known better, to stop the speakers by throwing oranges at them, or firing at them with a syphon. I am sure the speakers were grateful to Dr. Jones for thus laying bare this outrageous plot, and Dr. Jones must have been sorely tempted to give the names of the plotters, and leave them to the mercy of the audience.

Miss Bottomley (Switzerland) spoke in place of Miss Cusssan, and the Debating Society are to be congratulated on securing such an able substitute. Miss Bottomley proposed the toast "The Universities," and referred to the enormous power which University students had in any country. *Mr. Weber* (Russia), who unfortunately contracted a cold when chasing Napoleon back from Moscow, responded, but found great difficulty in doing so on account of a bad throat. *Mr. Ward* (Hungary—and he looked it) regretted that he was unable to make his proper speech, because it largely consisted of a pun on the name of Miss Cussans, who should have proposed the toast. By a subtle contrivance, however, he introduced the pun, and for several minutes the gentlemen present were busy attending to the ladies, some of whom had to be removed in a fainting condition. *Mr. Haselden* (France) further responded, and, whilst emphasising the point that it was twenty years since he had first set foot on English soil, omitted to mention who had held him up on that occasion.

The next speaker, *Mr. Dudley* (Ireland), was introduced to the audience on condition that he promised to behave himself. He greatly interested the audience with the story of the Kilkenny cats, and traced the descent of the celebrated cat of Kellyland. Frequently in Mr. Dudley's story the audience were moved to tears, and it was unanimously resolved that Mr. Dudley should be asked to reproduce his account of the scene in Kilkenny in pamphlet form. *Mr. Staley* (Bolivia) spoke with satisfaction of having been able to find his country on a map, and evidently the map he looked at was not one of those grotesque productions of which Prof. Lyttel often reminds the senior certificate students. *Mr. O'Hara* (Peru) proved that his bark was as good as his bite, and those who sat near him at the banquet will assure you that that is saying a good deal.

The last toast of all, and certainly not the least important,

was that to the "Hartley Debating Society." This was proposed by *Miss Stead*, frae Yorkshire, and she wished success to the Debating Society of next year. *Mr. Mills* (Brazil), who followed, somewhat delayed the process of Mr. Pugh's naturalisation by connecting him with yet another naturalism, as it is well known that in this kind of naturalisation that too many cooks spoil the broth. *Mr. Rothery* (Sweden) amused the audience by his story of "When Kernels were Bold," and *Mr. Jacobs* (Spain) brought the speeches to an end by an eloquent speech.

After the speeches *Mr. Varney* sang, and then *Mr. Houghton* proposed a vote of thanks to Prof. Lyttel for his services during the Debating Society Session, coupling with Prof. Lyttel's name that of Mr. Dudley, the Vice-President. An excellent banquet came to an end with the singing of "God Save the King" and "Auld Lang Syne."



SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

* * *

THE increased interest shown in the Society last term has on the whole been well maintained. The number of members attending the lectures has fallen off slightly, but the keenness of those who have come has to a great extent consoled us for the loss of a few defaulters. Several very interesting papers have been read, and on more than one occasion the papers have been followed by discussions on the subjects under consideration.

The first meeting of the Society this term took place on Tuesday, January 30th, in the Chemical Lecture Theatre. A paper on Photography was read by Mr. H. F. Crook. Mr. Crook commenced with an account of the historical development of the subject, giving outlines of the work of such pioneers as Wedgwood, and Daguerre. The collodion, and other more or less ancient processes having been described, the lecturer proceeded to explain the technique and chemistry of the best known modern processes, illustrating his remarks practically by the intensification of a thin negative, and the manipulation of a gaslight print. He then went on to discuss the problem of colour photography, describing several methods of attack, and in particular that adopted by Messrs. Lumière. He showed several slides kindly lent by this firm, and also prints in colour on paper, lent by the Utocolor Co., whose process he described. The paper was much enjoyed and was followed by a short discussion.

The second meeting was held on Tuesday, February 13th, in the Chemical Lecture Theatre, when a paper on "Interesting Tropical Plants," was read by Mr. P. T. Freeman, B.Sc. The lecturer opened his paper with a discussion of the physical and geographical causes of a state of drought which he designated as physiological, in which a plant may be surrounded by water which it is unable to use. He outlined the precautions adopted by plants to surmount this difficulty, and to minimize the danger of an actual scarcity of water, illustrating his remarks by a consideration of tropical Xerophytes. He then described various other tropical plants, such as Epiphytes and Lianas. Mr. Freeman also described several plants found in temperate climates, as for example, the Sundew, and concluded his lecture with an instance due to Bilt, of remarkable co-operative action between plants and insects, to the mutual advantage of both parties. The lecture was illustrated by a large number of excellent slides, and was very interesting throughout. A short discussion brought the meeting to a close.

On Thursday, February 29th, nearly 70 members of the Society met in the Chemical Lecture Theatre to hear a paper on "Discoveries and how to make them" by Dr. Boyd, who is undoubtedly well qualified to speak on the subject. Dr. Boyd pointed out the frequency with which side issues turn up in the course of almost every investigation, and urged the importance of following them up. He also pointed out the very important part played by the imagination as an aid to scientific research. He criticized the opinion expressed by Ostwald, that facts alone are of any value and theories useless, by showing how many of the discoveries of fundamental facts have been due to instinctively conceived theories. Thus it is almost impossible that Dalton could have been led to formulate his Atomic Theory from the few results, of questionable accuracy, which he possessed, had he not possessed also a firm belief in the ultimate simplicity of nature. Dr. Boyd also gave Kekulé's graphic description of how the idea of valency which has revolutionised organic chemistry came to him a phantasy of dancing atoms. In conclusion he showed how much additional interest was lent to the observation of fact by the accompaniment of an explanatory

theory, by showing and explaining a beautiful experiment of the rotation of fluorescent vanes in a vacuum tube; and the discharge of an electroscope by radium.

A meeting of the Society was held on Thursday, March 14th, in the Chemical Lecture Theatre, when a paper on "Recent Developments of Agricultural Chemistry" was read by Mr. H. W. Harvey, B.A. Mr. Harvey pointed out that Agricultural Chemistry was only an infant among the grown giants of physical sciences, but he likened it to a very lusty infant who is quickly becoming almost unmanageable owing to its rapid development. He showed how important the problem of increasing the production of land was in view of the increasing population of the world. He discussed the various chemicals necessarily found in any fertile soil, and showed that a crop as a rule only took quite a small proportion of the considerable store of available chemicals out of the land, but that if this available store was slightly decreased or increased, the size of the crop grown was considerably altered. He also explained the processes of decomposition of the soil, and pointed out the necessity for the ground to be in an alkaline state. Mr. Harvey showed how the fertility of land can be increased by cultivation of useful bacteria, or by destruction of their enemies, but suggested that there was an upper limit to the usefulness of this process, as land in California in which bacteria were too successful contained so much nitrates, as to be almost poisonous to plant life. The paper was followed by an interesting discussion, which testified to the interest taken in the subject. A vote of thanks to the tea committee and the ladies who have lent their valuable help in arranging the teas, brought the meeting to a close.

It has not yet been decided whether any ordinary meetings will be held next term. If possible arrangements will however be made to visit various scientific works in the district.

C. S. A.

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY,

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THE Literary and Debating Society is in a flourishing condition. The speeches during this session have maintained a high standard, the subjects have been very interesting, and the attendance has been larger than that of previous years, there being on one occasion a hundred and ten members present. A College Debating Society is undoubtedly the best training ground for public speakers, for budding orators are subjected to all kinds of correction and opposition, and are hence trained to use the weapons of retort and repartee, as well as to be guarded against being "unprepared." Our Debating Society can boast both of its speakers and its cynics, the latter perhaps being slightly in the majority.

A pleasing feature of the meetings this term has been the enthusiasm with which the students (especially the Juniors) have entered the general discussion. Indeed, as a rule so many evinced a desire to speak, that no-

body was allowed to occupy more than five minutes. I am sorry to have to remark, however, that the women students—with two exceptions—failed to keep up the reputation of their sex for talkativeness. They ought to remember that not only is their presence an important asset to a Debating Society like ours, but that their point of view on the various topics of debate is always valuable. As one lady student once remarked, "Where would the men be had for the women?"

The first meeting this term took the form of a Mock Parliamentary Election, the candidates being Mr. James (Liberal), Mr. Pugh (Socialist), and Mr. Hargreaves (Unionist). All three candidates had previously held meetings in the Men's Common Room. Mr. James in offering himself as a candidate, said that unlike his Socialist opponent he stood as an evolutionary and not a revolutionary candidate. He attacked Tariff Reform and the Unionist Policy generally, and advocated Home Rule for Ireland and the Disestablishment of the Welsh Church. Mr. Pugh in his characteristic style claimed that Tariff Reform and Labour Exchanges could do nothing to alleviate the unemployed problem, and expressed the opinion that the Liberal Party were a hypocritical body and that the Unionist were the enemy of the workers. Mr. Hargreaves said he was a firm adherent to the Tariff Reform Party. He tried to prove that an alteration of our tariff system on the lines laid down by his leaders would increase wages. He asserted that the Liberal Government had no mandate for Home Rule. After an interesting discussion, a poll was taken, and the result was announced as follows:—

Mr. Hargreaves	45 votes.
Mr. James	38 votes.
Mr. Pugh	22 votes.

On February 9th, the debate on Strikes and Lockouts took place. Mr. O'Hara pointed to the ill effects of Strikes and Lockouts on the community as a whole, and advocated that Strikes and Lockouts should be made illegal. Mr. Watt in reply called attention to the perpetual strife between Labour and Capital, and maintained that the strike was the only weapon the workers could handle in defence of themselves. Mr. Mills adduced figures in support of his contention that Strikes and Lockouts were a source of loss both to the worker and to the employer. Mr. Harding examined the distribution of wealth, and argued that the worker should always be allowed to have the right to strike against injustice and oppression. By a majority of 11 votes the meeting decided against making Strikes and Lockouts illegal.

On February 23rd, we had a visit from the members of the Avenue Debating Society, and a most enjoyable evening was spent. Mr. Rothery on behalf of the College proposed the motion, "That Compulsory Military Training be introduced into this country." He distinguished between Conscription and Compulsory Training, and pointed out the beneficial effect which the latter would have upon the youth of England. He maintained that every able-bodied citizen should be responsible for the defence of the country. Miss Mahbs of the Avenue Debating Society said that Compulsory Training was unnecessary, and that its introduction would not be conducive to the removal of the idea of war from the minds of the people. Mr. Jowitt pointed out that the main idea of Compulsory Military Training was self-defence, and Mr. Chamberlain for the visitors spoke about the immoral influence of such training. An excellent discussion then took place, Mr. Dudley making, perhaps, the most eloquent of the speeches. One of the students also made a witty speech, in which he said he favoured Military Training because he desired to defend his lodgings (!) By a majority of four votes the meeting declared against the motion.

The crowning achievement of our Society was the holding of the International Peace Banquet which was attended by about a hundred and twenty delegates and guests. The speeches were certainly worthy of more experienced speakers. Several members of the staff were present, and they all agreed that the function should be made an annual affair. The Vice-President's story of the Kilkenny cats was one of the best hits of the evening, while Mr. Pugh's remark that 'every Lyttel helps' brought the House down.

The tables were loaded with eatables of every description, and our thanks are due to Miss Adams, Miss Taylor, Miss Bull and Miss Stead, for arranging them in such a tempting fashion. Miss Braybrooke, Mr. Varney and Mr. Prince, rendered songs in their own inimitable manner.

J. H.

CHRISTIAN UNION. ☒

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WOMEN'S BRANCH.

THIS term has been an important one for our Union, for at the United Meeting, held at Bevois Mount House on February 25th, the Basis was signed by those desirous of becoming Members. A most helpful and interesting address was given by Miss Duncau on the words of the Basis, which was greatly enjoyed by those present.

As this Sunday was being observed by the Student Movement as the Universal Day of Prayer, a short but inspiring Prayer Meeting was held at the close of the Meeting.

In preparation for this a Prayer Meeting was also held at College on the previous Wednesday.

A United Meeting has been arranged for Sunday, 17th March, when we hope that Rev. John Morris will address us.

The message of the Liverpool Conference was brought to us at the Combined Meeting held on February 11th, when three of the delegates gave some account of what they heard there.

Dr. Stancombe's address on "Brotherhood" at the Combined Meeting on March 3rd, proved most interesting and practical.

We are looking forward to a visit from Miss Sedgwick next term, when we hope to have a good attendance at the meetings, which Miss Sedgwick always makes so interesting and helpful.

M. B.

MEN'S BRANCH.

By far the most important work in recent years of the Student Christian Movement was the Liverpool Conference on Social and Missionary Problems. We were deeply interested in this by the three delegates who spoke at the combined meeting held on February 11th. Miss Beresford dealt with the general aspects of the Conference, Miss Stott with the Missionary side, and Mr. Jowitt the Social side. The speakers succeeded in conveying to us something of the spirit and message of "Liverpool" and impressed upon us the importance of the problems there discussed.

Interest in Social Problems was further stimulated by Dr. Stancomb in an exceedingly interesting address on "Brotherhood," delivered at our second combined meeting.

The first meeting of the term was addressed by Rev. B. Keymer, Rector of All Saints on the subject of "The Introduction of St John's Gospel." Mr. H.oulder, on the following Sunday, spoke on "The Resurrection," we have also to thank him for the suggestion that the combined meeting on the Liverpool Conference should be held.

We are very pleased to welcome two new speakers, Rev. Andreæ who addressed the closing meeting last term on "The Miracle of Religion" and Mr. Hedger who spoke on "Prayer Answered and Unanswered."

These notes would not be complete without mention being made of how we have missed our President, Mr. Tomlinson, from our meetings through his illness. We hope that by next term we shall have the pleasure of his presence again.

A. S. A.

HOSTEL NOTES.

* * *



SCHOOL Practice is a good beginning to a term, especially the term following the Christmas holidays. The recital of holiday pranks to a select and favoured few, not to mention the treasures in the tin boxes, all made school practice pass in a comparatively pleasant way. (Speaking of that tin box, has anyone asked the college botanical authorities the cause of certain freak apples?)

Hostel Students always welcome this term for one reason, the advent of the Annual Fancy Dress Tea and Whist Drive. For days beforehand, Fancy Dress was the one absorbing topic, and mysterious purchases and locked doors were the order of the day. Secrecy, however, became to much of a burden, and after all, half the pleasure of a fancy costume consists of "trying-on" and displaying oneself beforehand. The mirrors nobly bore the unusual strain to which they were subjected and when the great day arrived, what visions greeted the eyes of our friend of the Physics Dept., and nearly destroyed his camera.

An outsider suddenly transported into the midst of the gay crowd would certainly have thought that some of those metamorphoses beloved by Ovid (Room 8 please note) had taken place. A most enjoyable evening was spent and everyone deserves everyone else's thanks for adding to its success.

Some of the costumes were so attractive that it was with the utmost difficulty that their wearers were restrained from diversifying the demure appearance of the front seats at Maths., Botany and Latin Lecs., by coming to college in the garbs of gipsies, Italians, eighteenth century damsels, and whatnot.

St. Valentine's day caused some amusement when the origins of certain postal communications were discovered. One student certainly was rather green, but "B—y" took the biscuit!

Naturally only a limited and selected number of Hostel incidents can be fully recorded here, of which the Hockey tea, when the Cowes team was

very kindly entertained by Mrs. Bland is one. Still all good hostellites remember them all and know that even a "half-hour" sojourn in the draughty corridor would have given M—e a cold and perhaps have made her voice hoarse. In spite of that, they have all settled down to wait for the Easter holidays when they may, not as budding prima donnas, nor get as embryo street hawkers, exercise their vocal organs.

Since the Coal Strike calls for economy in every direction ("the cup that cheers" among others) enough space has already been wasted on "Hostel Notes." In conclusion, has every student done his or her duty and spread the glories of Bevois Mount House abroad in post card form, for the Hostel *must not* be handed over to the men?

ENGINEERING CHARIVARI.

* * *

MUCH and varied good advice was given to the Engineers by the Honorary President. We hope all the budding (some are sprouting—on the upper lip) Engineers at Coll. have taken the words of wisdom to heart.

Engineers were advised to join the Territorials. But, alas, the Principal has not found himself overwhelmed with recruits to the noble G's. Perhaps they are joining the G.G. troop. Surely it is not lack of patriotism.

Evidently the lecturer partly held with Kipling's statement "He travels the faster who travels alone." Young ladies please note, and, although this is Leap Year, do not tempt the youthful Engineer.

"The Engineer is one who *does* things." Does this explain why there are at least five *Scotchmen* over the Engineering Side.

Mr. M—d begs to state that he has discovered a new soporific. It is not counting the sheep going through a gate, but counting the cups going with a plate.

Influenza has been going the round of the Engineers. A learned medico's theory as to the outbreak is that certain of them, after much entreaty, *shaved*.

Mr. B—t begs to state that the rumour that his Common Room appetite is falling off, is utterly without foundation. We understand that the cause of the rumour was the fact that the gentlemen was seen to only eat six buns one morning. He tells us that this was solely due to the fact that the bun-boy had no more left.

Can any kind individual inform Mr. J. M—r—ty how to "boil the devil."

CHORAL SOCIETY



At the outset let me express on behalf of the Committee our gratitude for the way in which you all rose to the occasion at the 3rd. Annual Concert, which was held on March 20th,

Only those in the College realise the difficulties which beset our work as a Choral Society, when we endeavour to present such a work as Cowen's "Rose Maiden." The success of the society was in a large measure due to the invigorating effect of the chorus "Green Vale," and with keen relish in the "Bridal Chorus."

Miss V. Boyce, who represented "Rose Blossom," sang with characteristic lightness and feeling, and made a nice contrast to Miss I. Braybrooke's splendid rendering of the tragic contralto solo. Mr. C. D. Banes, took the baritone solos and sang delightfully in his principal solo "Among the pine trees madly," of course I dare not say anything of myself. There is another factor in the success and that was the support of Mr. Guyers Band which lent both fire and feeling.

The College instrumental quintette (Messrs Agate, Vicars, Humby, Rimmer, and King), opened the second half of the programme in brilliant style, and was followed by the Male Voice Party. Prior to the concert fears were entertained as to whether the Male Voice Party were in sufficient state of practice to render the two very difficult part songs which had been chosen; but after their display on the evening, especially the humorous "Simple Simon," the absence of the Male Voice Party would have meant the absence of one of the "hits."

"The Sailor's Grave" was sung by Mr. Varney so well that he was enthusiastically encored, replying with "Two eyes of Grey."

The last two items of the programme, were songs by the women and men students. The former sang German's "Orpheus with his lute," in a beautiful manner. The rollicking "Under the Greenwood Tree," also went down very well.

"Who is Sylvia" and "The Two Grenadiers," were sung by the men students. The former was sung with surprising lightness (for Hartley students!) while the latter was given with that spirit peculiar to students who can congregate and sing together. The "Marseillaise," which closes the song, made a rousing finish to what I may safely call, a successful concert.

These notes would not be complete without a word of thanks to our President, Miss Aubrey, whose work in connection with the concert has been by no means light. To say that she has sacrificed most time and done the greatest part of the work is not to have said all.

Then we are all pleased over the success of the concert for Mr. Leake's sake. Our conductor has had no easy task in working up the chorus during the few practices at his disposal. The chorus evidently caught Mr. Leake's spirit judging by the way in which they responded to the motion of his stick. Once again Mr. Leake has found that, even at the eleventh hour, we are able to remove imperfections and work seriously! If we sing before Dr. Somerville as we sang on Wednesday then the Choral Society for 1911-12 will have indeed been successful.

One word more. We would like to thank the staff, not only for their support, but also for their presence at the Concert.

J. A. P.

CHESS NOTES.

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THIS term we have played the Southampton "A," "B," and "C" teams winning against the "A" team 3 games to 2, against the "B" team 4 to 1, and drawing with the "C" team, $2\frac{1}{2}$ games each.

Prof. Masom and Mr. Mackie have not lost a match in the Tourney so far this season.

Our two remaining Trophy matches this term are with Southampton "D" and Basingstoke, both away.

The College team ranks equal second in the present position of the teams in the Tourney.

The Chess Tournament has now been brought to a conclusion. R. J. Bateman wins first place, beating in the final R. J. C. Weber, who gets second prize, H. E. Haselden gets equal second, while B. A. Weber obtains third prize, being beaten in the final of the Loser's group.

H. W. W. A.

HOCKEY. ☂

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THOUGH we have not played many matches this term, we have the satisfaction of not losing any, and we now hold the proud position of "top dog" of the district, since we have not been beaten for two seasons in succession.

We are sorry that our deeds have not inspired more to join the club—especially the juniors, who, though they occasionally put in an appearance as spectators, do not seem to have any desire to wield the stick themselves.

We have added five victories to our five of last term. The first match with Westwood Ladies resulted in a win for the Coll. with a score of 4—2, and the return game with the same team we won by 5—3.

On February 14th, we played Romsey Ladies, and after a close and exciting game we managed to top their score of 4 by 1 goal. When they came to us for the return match we were not so fortunate, for the game, which was spoilt by rough play and much disputation over the referee's decisions—sins, by the way, which did not lie at our door—resulted in draw, with a score of one all.

After beating Cowes Ladies by 4 to 0 we entertained them to a tea at the Hostel, which was thoroughly enjoyed by both teams.

Our match with Winchester ended in a victory for us by 6 goals to 1 and after the match we had a very enjoyable tea to which we did full justice.

We have only two more matches to play, a return with the Tartans, who, we hear, are very anxious to break our record, and one last of the season with the Avenue Training College. We hope to keep up our reputation to the bitter end, and be worthy of the honour of being permitted to provide the frontispiece to this illustrious magazine.

G. M. C.

SOCCER NOTES.

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never before has the enthusiasm of the men been raised to such a pitch as it was on the day of the Final. The cup-ties naturally absorbed all interest during the term as far as football was concerned, and consequently the Wednesday League matches suffered. Having lost those matches at the beginning of the season it was well known that the College could not become champions again. In spite of the fact that we occupy a position only half way up the table, the League officials recognise the worth of our men and honour them in representative games. Bendrey and Howarth were so honoured in the League team v. that of Bournemouth, played at Bournemouth on February 28th. In this match Howarth proved himself the best forward on the field. In the match, "Champions" (Southampton Park Avenue), v. Pick of Rest of League, we had five representatives in the "pick," namely—Agate, Bendrey, Howarth, Lewis and Newsham. Needless to say they all acquitted themselves in a way worthy of their reputations.

v. Park Avenue.

Our first League match this term was played on the Common on January 24th. The pitch was a quagmire, and yet, despite this, the game was a good one. Although we lost by the odd goal in three we experienced bad luck throughout, and for nearly the whole of the game were one man short—Rimmer twisting his ankle soon after the start.

v. Trams.

The League match v. Trams played on our ground on January 31st, was nothing but a fiasco. The Trams turned up four men short, but pluckily decided to play. Severely handicapped as they were, they succeeded in keeping the score down—the final result being 4—1 in our favour.

v. R.A.M.C.

The return match at Netley on February 14th resulted in a rather surprising win, 3—2. Each member of the team gave a good account of himself. McGuire deputised for Agate in goal and played a very fine game, some of his saves being magnificent. Our goals were scored by Howarth (2) and Ruffell.

v. Skerry's College.

For the friendly on January 27th (away), we were without Bendrey, his place being taken by Marshall. Howarth turned out at left half and

FOR the first time in the history of the College Football Club we have won—and deservedly won—the Southampton Junior Cup! We are naturally proud of our success, particularly as we have knocked out some strong teams, such as the R.A.M.C. and Sholing (who beat Pear Tree Green, the holders, in the first round.) We feel quite certain that

scored a good goal. At half time the College led 3—0, but in the second half it seemed as if they could do nothing right. Skerry's took advantage of this and succeeded in drawing level before the final whistle.

v. Olympians.

Against the Olympians on February 17th (away), the College played very poorly, no one being up to his usual form. In the first half the Olympians scored twice and so led at the interval by 2—0. In the second moiety no fewer than 8 goals were scored, each team finding the net four times. Our goals were scored by Bendrey (2), Howarth and Moriarty. A most unsatisfactory game ended in the Olympians' favour by 6—4.

v. Reading University College.

The return match took place at Reading on March 2nd. The game was rather poor, and Reading succeeded in winning for the first time since the season 1909-10. There was nothing worthy of comment in the match which ended with Reading leading 2—1. Our goal was scored by Bendrey who shot the ball into the net from the opposing goalie's 6 yards kick. We were very pleased to see Thomson fit again, although he was not playing.

Eastleigh Tournaments.

Two teams of 6 were entered for the Open Junior Tournament at Eastleigh, on March 9th. The "A" team consisted of—Agate; Newsham, Lewis; Moriarty, Bendrey and Howarth; while the "B" team was composed of—McGuire; Clark, Radford; Lund, Freeman and Ruffell. Neither team reached the final stage although the both teams played well until their last games, when ill luck came their way and they went to pieces.

v. Mechanical Engineers.

"A" Team—1st Round—won by 4 pts. to nil. Moriarty scored with a fine shot from a lovely pass of Howarth's. The Team were some time "finding their feet."

v. Southsea "A."

Second Round. Against a strong team the Coll. played fine football and romped home by 13 pts. to 4. Bendrey scored two glorious goals after accomplishing good work in front of goal.

v. Shirley C.L.B.

Third Round Won 4 pts. to 1. A rather scrappy game. Howarth scored from a penalty.

Southampton Trams.

Semi-Final. In this match the Coll. Team absolutely went to pieces, and were heavily defeated (13 pts. to nil).

v. Stockbridge.

"B" Team.—1st Round. Against stiff opposition the "B" team won a good game by 8 pts. to 4. Mention must be made of Radford's fine display in this match.

v. Bishopstoke "B."

Second Round. Won 8 pts. to 5. Freeman scored two fine goals, thus enabling the Coll. to win as stated.

v. Bitterne Park.

Third round. In this match two unnecessary corners were given away, and this appeared to demoralise our team who thus unfortunately lost.

Southampton Junior Cup.**Southampton Artillery.**

First Round. Won 6—2.

Second Round. A bye.

R.A.M.C. (Netley).

Third Round. Won 4—3. Away, January 20th. The weather was glorious, and the ground, despite recent bad weather, was in good condition. The men turned up in fine force—some 60 men making the journey to Netley. Howarth was not able to turn out, so Freeman occupied the outside left position, while Ruffell was shifted to the inside berth. The team was therefore—Agate; Rimmer and Small; Lewis, Prince and Clark; Lund, Moriarty, Bendrey, Ruffell and Freeman. The game opened very auspiciously for us, as from the kick off (to the accompaniment of a goboil), our forwards simply "waltzed" through the R.A.M.C. defence, and Ruffell scored with a shot which the goalie might possibly have stopped. This early success encouraged the Coll. team and they gave the R.A.M.C. a warm time. The reconstructed left wing was quite a success, and Ruffell showed his skill as a marksman by adding two more goals before the interval. On both occasions Bendrey "drew" the defence in his own inimitable way and parted at the right time to Ruffell who was not slow in taking advantage of these opportunities. Occasionally the R.A.M.C. broke away but they invariably found our defence too good for them. The teams crossed over with the Coll. leading by 3 goals to nil, and soon after the re-start Ruffell added yet a fourth. This time it was due to the forceful tactics of Moriarty. A subtle change now came over the game and the College men seemed to collapse. No less than 4 men were temporarily knocked out and rendered more or less useless for the remainder of the game. The College were now practically penned in their own half and the R.A.M.C. scored not once but thrice. They made strenuous efforts to equalise but the defence managed to prevent this and the Coll. ran out winners by 4 goals to 3.

The great change which came over the game was undoubtedly due to our lack of training, owing to this being the first match after the holidays. Agate had no chance at all with the three goals which beat him. Of the backs Small was the better, while all the half backs played well.

Semi-Final.**v. Sholing Athletic. (Won 6—0).**

Home February 10th, Howarth being available for the match, the Coll. were represented by:—Agate; Newsham and Small; Lewis, Prince and Clark; Lund, Moriarty, Bendrey, Ruffell and Howarth.

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As Sholing had beaten Pear Tree Green, the holders, in the 1st Round, and the Mechanical Engineers in the 3rd Round, we expected a hard tussle. On the contrary we won with comparative ease although the score is a flattering one.

We were very pleased to see several members of the staff present at this match. As for men about 140 turned up to support the team!

Early in the first half Ruffell was fouled in the penalty area and Howarth, who was entrusted with the resulting kick, made no mistake and so opened the scoring. A few minutes later the same player completed a fine run down the wing with a beautiful shot which gave the goalie no chance. A period of even play now followed, there being little between the two teams. Moriarty however added a third goal by a fine header from a centre by Lund. Sholing now made desperate attacks on Coll. territory but they found Agate invincible. Half-time arrived with the score. Coll. 3. Sholing 0.

Sholing started off with a lot of dash, but no success attended their efforts. Our halves speedily broke up all their attempts at combination. Lewis was particularly noticeable for this. Mention must also be made of the way he fed his forwards. He was unquestionably the finest half on the field, although his colleagues Prince and Clark did good work. Our backs also were in form and gave of their best.

The College gradually overwhelmed the "Spikes" and Bendrey scored thrice before the final whistle blew. Sholing died fighting gamely and much credit is due to them for the sporting way in which they took their heavy defeat.

An independent critic attributes our success to the "long passing and speed of the wing men" which "seemed to demoralise the Sholing defence. The Collegians played pretty football, their combination being very neat and effective."

Final.

v. Millbrook. (Won 2-1).

Played on the Shirley Road Ground on March 16th, before some 1500 spectators. Millbrook had won all their matches away from home. They were drawn at home to Netley Abbey United but only drew. On the replay at Netley they won by 3-2. Their other matches were against Highfield, which they won by 2-1 after extra time, and against Northam in the semi-final when they won 4-3. Millbrook were at full strength, while the College played Ruffell at centre half, owing to Prince being unfit, and Freeman filled the vacancy at inside left. The teams lined out as follows:—

MILLBROOK.

W. Ford.

C. Reynolds. T. Reynolds.

W. Payne. F. Hunt. F. Perry, (*Capt.*).

F. C. Horley. H. W. Diggle. H. Lucas. W. Ewing. N. Wheeler.

O

F. Howarth. P. T. Freeman. W. J. Bendrey. P. Moriarty. R. Lund.

C. B. H. Clark. S. R. Ruffell. H. C. Lewis.

F. P. Small. T. Newsham.

C. S. Agate, (*Capt.*).

HARTLEY UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

From the kick off Millbrook made tracks for the College goal and forced a corner. Nothing came of this and the ball was soon in the Millbrook area. Play was very exciting and swept up and down the field in true cup-tie fashion. Both defences had plenty to do, but it was noticeable that the Coll. forwards were superior to those of Millbrook. Their combination was always good and they were much quicker on the ball. They however found the Millbrook defenders in good form, the goalie, Ford, in particular making some very fine saves. A foul in the penalty area seemed to point for a certain goal to the Coll. but Ford saved Howarth's swift ground shot in fine style. It was truly a splendid save. Soon after this Millbrook took the lead, Lucas getting through on his own and scoring with a well placed shot. The College continued to have bad luck, it seemed as if they could do anything but score. Half-time arrived with the College in arrears.

Early in the second half the College drew level, Howarth putting the ball into the net from a mêlée in front of goal. The Coll. now gradually gained the supremacy and Freeman scored with a fine oblique shot. A few moments later the same player hit the bar with another fine effort. The Coll. continued to press and were within an ace of scoring on several occasions. Millbrook defended doggedly for a prolonged period and at length worked their way down the field and forced two corners. From the second Millbrook might have drawn level if their inside left had not been so anxious and punched the ball into the net. The Coll. again took up the offensive and a goal seemed likely at any moment when the final whistle blew. H.U.C. 2. Millbrook 1.

The game was a very fine one and full of incidents. Our forwards were in fine form. Bendrey was clever at centre and Freeman played typical cup-tie football. Lund gave a fine display, his best game since he has been at Coll., Howarth and Moriarty played up to their reputations. The bavles and backs were all good, no one standing out pre-eminently. Agate fielded well and had absolutely no chance with the goal registered against him.

Our goal record in the Junior Cup is a good one, 18 for, 6 against, in 4 matches. Throughout the competition the team has played clever football and in each round our opponents have never questioned our superiority.

The Cup was presented after the match by Mr. A. Humby, (Sec. of S.F.A.) in the absence of Mr. Arnfield, President.

Following the match we entertained the Millbrook players and S.F.A. officials to a tea and smoker, a very enjoyable time being spent. There were about 90 present at the tea and some 120 at the smoker. The usual speeches were made, Millbrook generously admitting that they were beaten by the better team. Proceedings terminated with a march up to the Clock Tower and the usual "gobli." Thus was the curtain rung down on a very successful season. Space will not permit a description of the varied costumes worn by the men, but all will agree that the day was one to be remembered.

S. Y.

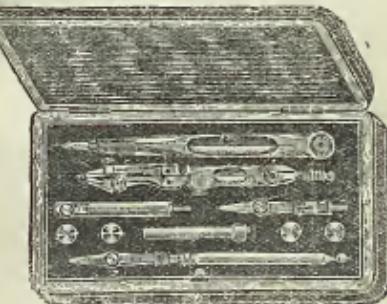
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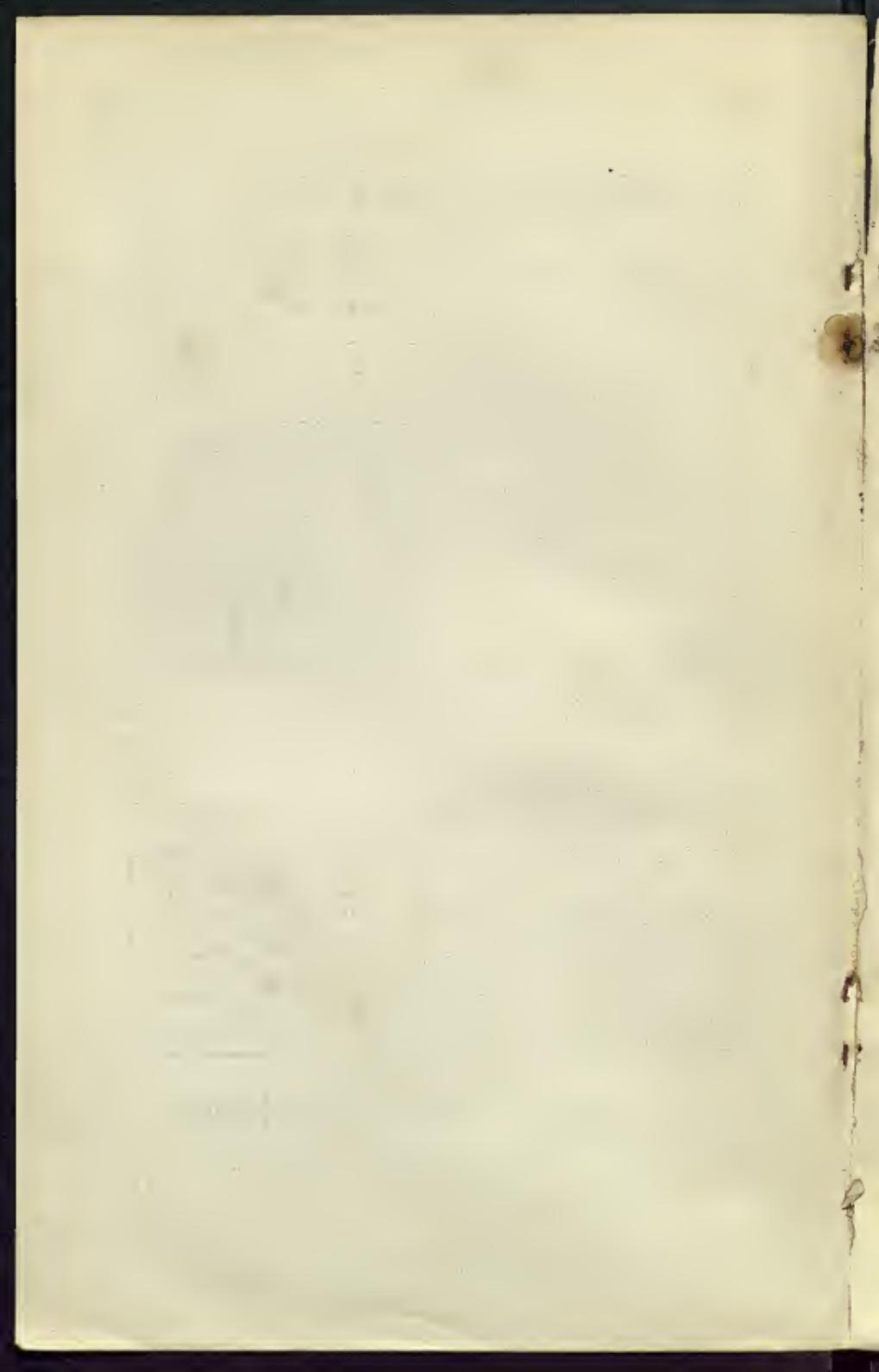
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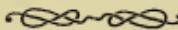
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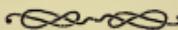
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